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"THE HUMMING-TOP."—BY FANNIE MOODY.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the cheap edition of "David Grieve" Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a preface addressed to her publisher, in which she replies to the onslaughts of "the quarterlies." It is in many ways an interesting composition, but chiefly, perhaps, as a "revival." It is a very long while since any novelist of repute has taken his coat off and "gone in" for his critic. The last case that recurs to one's memory is that of Thackeray, who pitched into the reviewer of his "Kickleburys on the Rhine" in the *Times* with such amazing vigour. There is nothing of this vehemence in Mrs. Ward's apology, which is, indeed, quite soft and low, as becomes her sex and Christian character. This literary public (who, above all things, like a row) will regret, but it will find other things in it to be thankful for. Though so well known a novelist, our author is still young. To old stagers it is an amazing circumstance that writers should attempt a reply to their critics. They surely cannot hope to convince them? The conversion of a Jew is child's play to such an undertaking. Nor, even if they get the better of them in argument, can they be such "speckled enthusiasts" as to expect them to confess it. Moreover, they draw attention to their arguments, which only half a hundred people have read and not half a dozen have remembered. "How can they, can they do so?" The one judicious rejoinder which an author can make to such attacks is to state the number of copies of the book (if numerous) that have been sold in spite of them. The only telling part of Thackeray's rebuke is the quotation from his publisher's letter, dated on the same day on which the review appeared. "Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition of 'The Kickleburys,' and having orders for more, &c." One can understand an author being dissatisfied with praise unaccompanied by pudding, but when he has got his pudding he can surely afford to let folks say what they like. The more pudding he gets, it is only natural that he will be the more abused; and, after all, what harm is done? How can the pen of the critic, even though steeped in gall, affect the fame or fortune of a writer of genius in these days? He does not even stand in need of his recognition. So far as I remember, not one of the quarterly "conferers of immortality" against whom Mrs. Ward couches her lance has as yet become aware of the existence of the two young men who are at the present moment on the highest round of the ladder of literary fame—Mr. Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

There are quite a number of people who still believe that poetry of a high class is the result of inspiration. The idea may have originated in reverence for genius, or in the reverse of it. Annoyed by having lived "next door" to "the famous man they never knew before" his greatness was pointed out to them, the neighbours affirmed that this and that person could never be a true poet because he worked at stated times like other people. The notion of a "divine afflatus" suited a good many writers who hated trouble and the necessity of taking pains. It is certain, however, that the thing could not be depended upon even by the greatest of them, since their work is so unequal. There are certain utterances concerning which we all agree to exclaim, "This is genius," but the same persons will also write things very inferior. One is afraid, if the truth be told, that all that this "high-falutin'" theory comes to is that poets, like the rest of us, are more in the humour for their work at some times than at others, but that it does not require the "afflatus" to turn out at least a respectable article. For hinting at this in his autobiography Trollope was very severely treated by the critics, with whom the afflatus has been always a favourite fetish. But, after all, he was only a novelist. Now, however, we have the testimony of Mrs. Ritchie that both Mr. and Mrs. Browning used the Trollopean method. "It may seem to you strange," the former once said in her hearing, "that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour on every day. But, nevertheless, I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning, after breakfast, to our separate work. She writes in the drawing-room, and I write in here." This will be a bad blow to the advocates of inspiration, because of the quarter from which it comes. If we had not this witness from Browning's own lips, he would be the very man to whom this supernatural gift would have been attributed by his devoted disciples.

For the composition of sermons the theory of "inspiration" seems to be altogether different. In the recent meeting apropos of pulpit plagiarism the evidence of a Congregational divine shows that the afflatus may take place after the discourse is written, which is certainly an unexpected revelation. One Sunday afternoon, having no sermon written, he has to fall back on "old material." "I took out my old sermon [about which the bother was] and I read it. Then I said to myself, 'What have I that will help me further in reference to this subject?' I felt the need that afternoon of inspiration. I thought it right, and I have always thought it right, to seek such assistance and inspiration as is to be had from the great preachers—not before my sermon is written, but when my sermon is written." He goes for his inspiration to Dr. Dykes, and, as he is preaching "to his own people," does not think it

necessary to acknowledge his little indebtedness to that divine. "Hence these tears!"

In the course of these ecclesiastical proceedings it came out that a good sermon is, like a good prescription, used over and over again, for the same (spiritual) complaints: its technical name is "a traveller," because, I suppose, it accompanies the minister on his circuit. The particular discourse which has aroused so much contention was composed (without its "inspiration") in 1874. Fortunately, some lady in Leamington can swear to its being the same she heard preached there eighteen years ago—a marvellous compliment to any sermon. I envy her memory, but I still more envy the members of the Congregational ministry their liberty to use "travellers." I dare say a good many of us do use them; every frequent writer must now and then repeat himself, but it must be a great comfort to feel that the repetition is permissible, and even taken as a matter of course.

Professor Rolfe, the Shaksperian scholar, has counted for us the lines spoken by all the principal characters in Shakspeare's plays. The result will be surprising to many persons; for example, though everyone is aware that Hamlet is greatly given to soliloquy, and never loses an opportunity of letting us know his opinion upon all subjects, human and divine, one would hardly have expected him to be twice as garrulous as King Lear, whose age suggests garrulity. The exact proportion, indeed, is rather greater, 1569 lines to 770. It will also perhaps appear remarkable that Iago is much more loquacious than Othello (1117 to 888), and that Macbeth, notwithstanding the grey mare is the better horse in the case of that interesting couple, is more than three times as voluble as his lady. Indeed, what is most curious, and proves that Shakspeare did not, like most of us, impute the love of talk to the fair sex, Cleopatra is the only female character whose speeches can compare in length with those of his males: her lines are 670, while poor Desdemona's are but 389, and those of Cordelia dwindle to 115. In some cases the same characters appear twice, as Falstaff and Henry (in "Henry IV." and "Henry V."), but this is like lumping together the morning and evening editions of a paper, which gives no certain test of circulation.

There is nothing paradoxical in the saying that parody is at once one of the easiest and one of the most difficult feats in literature; for it is an easy thing to draw some kind of resemblance of a man that shall be recognised, and a very difficult one to portray the same man as he lives and moves, with the expression that is the sign of the soul within him. A good parodist must not only enter into the spirit of his author but become one with him, and understand and appreciate the very sentiments he is about to turn into ridicule. To this class belong the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" and of "Fly Leaves," and one must also add Mr. Burnand; nor is his task the easier that the novelists and not the poets are the subject of his pen, for the very lilt of the verse and the turn of the rhyme may suggest humorous material not to be found in sober prose. But the peculiarity of Mr. Burnand's parodies is that their humour does not only consist of "making fun" of their subject, but that they are humorous in themselves. In his latest volume, "Some Old Friends," Ouida, Anthony Trollope, and Victor Hugo are made to furnish "excellent fooling," but not better than it provides for us without their aid. The best example, perhaps, is that which has Victor Hugo for its subject. There is no doubt that his genius, splendid though it be, lends itself very easily to that form of literature; he even himself sometimes takes that fatal step which alone lies between the sublime and the ridiculous. But how admirably has the parodist done his work! Is not the great apostle of the Revolution to be recognised in every line of the following?—

Quiet neighbourhoods, back streets. These words sum up the whole of the Feline War.

They lived in parr-lieus.

It is a quarrel of localities; of family against family; tabby against tortoiseshell; pussy-cat against pussy-cat.

All our attempts, our movements in legislation, and in education, our encyclopedias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fall before the Cats.

Could its youth be trained?

The Cat's cradle has ever been a puzzle.

They love blind alleys. Strange blindness!

A colossal scuffle, a jangling of Titans, an immeasurable rebellion, without strategy, without plan, chivalric, and savage, appearing like fantastic black shadows, tails of the past, the devastation of glass, the destruction of flower-pots in back yards, the ruin of squares, the terror of invalids—such is the sleepless warfare, the unreasoning effort of Pusscat.

There is one line in the parody of Trollope in this volume which seems very original indeed, and finds a sympathetic echo in the reader. "Oh, Mr. Arable, how can you joke?" she murmured softly. "I don't know how I can," he replied in the same tone, "but I do." That is a definition of Mr. Burnand's own fun; he knows how it is done well enough, and we do not, though some of us wish we did.

The sayings of the Irish may be no longer humorous, but that cannot be said of their doings. A case at Parsons-town, the other day, tried before the local magistrates, might have come straight out of the pages of "Handy

Andy." The grievance complained of was unintelligible, but that appeared to be no drawback to any of the persons concerned, including the Bench. It arose, however, out of the defendant's taking possession of the prosecutor's cabin to "hold a wake." This seems to have surprised nobody, though in this country it would have been a novelty. A funeral in one's own house is, no doubt, a very inconvenient affair, but few of us think of holding it at our neighbour's, especially without his leave. However, held it was, with the remarkable defect in the proceedings that there was no corpse. "A corpse, therefore," says one of the witnesses, "had to be sent for; and was got." Where from? Whose corpse? How procured? And, above all, was it a new one, made on purpose? None of these questions (according to the report) seem to have suggested themselves to anybody. The case was decided on its merits, and resulted in both parties being bound over to keep the peace.

An account has been published of a recent conflict between a man and a baboon, both unnamed. The victory did not fall to the (presumably) more scientific of the two antagonists, and, indeed, but for the interposition of his long-established ally, the faithful dog, the man would have been wiped out. A more horrible contest can hardly be imagined. In the Du Chaillu days we used to read of the mode of combat of the gorilla. It began, as in human warfare, with the beat of drum, only the drum was the dreadful creature's own stomach, on which he used to play a sort of battle overture. If this was intended to strike terror into the foe, it was an admirable device when man was his enemy; but, of course, if it was another gorilla, he, too, sounded the charge in a similar manner, and the effect was lost. The gorilla is an animal so immensely powerful that no human being without a weapon can stand against him; he is torn to pieces in a moment, like one who is caught in machinery in motion. But even with the hugest baboon a strong man has a chance, provided he has none of the imaginative faculty. That, it seems, would be a fatal attribute on such an occasion. When a lion, or a tiger, or an elephant attacks one, one may be a poet so far as that is concerned: you are done for before you can think about it. With the lowest savage (indeed, the lower the better), before he clutches you, one can contemplate the contingency: we have at least humanity in common; a shirt-collar may be unknown to him, but "a man's a man for a' that," and one might even say (if it were someone else involved in the matter) "let the best man win." But it is the baboon's very resemblance to ourselves, which—even more than its want of resemblance—makes conflict with him so revolting. While appearing to have much in common, we have in reality nothing. It is not only a duel but a nightmare. In victory there is no honour, in defeat there is ineffable degradation. The amenities of personal combat are entirely absent. One cannot say to a baboon, "Let us take breath a bit," or, "Don't you think an interval for refreshment would be desirable?" Upon the whole, though far from being the most formidable, he seems to be the most horrible antagonist known to man.

A French editor is so good as to inform us, as the result of much scientific investigation, that, on an average, a native of France takes a bath once in two years. This may seem to us, from what we have seen (and what we have not seen, but conjectured) of our neighbours rather a handsome average—a favourable calculation; but when he goes on to say that a native of England takes a bath only once in three years, we must be allowed to feel incredulous. In the first place, the opportunity of bathing is much more frequent with us, and no one who has seen the tenants of an excursion train hurrying to the seaside will deny that they avail themselves of it. Even the well-known story told on an occasion of this kind against our cleanliness ("Well, you see I couldn't get down here last year, &c.") proves that an annual—not a triennial—ablution is the rule with us. At the same time, mere opportunity—the being surrounded by water—does not seem to count for much, since the French editor will only admit the Irish ablution, like our Parliaments, to be septennial. Germans wash once in five years, Russians once in six, and the Irish once in seven years, "whether they want it or whether they don't." The Italians and Spaniards are not mentioned, we fear for only too obvious reasons.

The only female Freemason in the world, a San Francisco news-letter assures us, is to be found in Tenth Street, in that town. It is so good as to tell us a story, with which most of us are not unacquainted, how in her youth she concealed herself at a lodge meeting, and, being caught, was compelled upon pain of death to join the brotherhood. It must be rather monotonous, by-the-bye, if at every meeting of the Freemasons "the secret" is always revealed, and yet, if it is not, there seems no reason why it should not be held any Sunday in Hyde Park. The interesting part of this communication from Chicago, however, is the statement that the lady is still alive. She had got into that cupboard and listened to what was going on through that crack at least a hundred and fifty years before I first read of it, and that was half a century ago. It is just possible, however, that the Freemasons' secret may be the key of long life, and that she alone has learnt how to turn it.

## SALMON-FLIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Captain Hale has written a lucid and well-illustrated work on a pleasant and economical art, "How to Tie Salmon Flies" (Sampson Low and Co.) No man who reads Captain Hale, and can use his fingers, need "sit down and greet for his half-crown flies" if he loses it, for he can tie his own "flies" at a much cheaper rate. I do not intend myself to try tying my own flies—first, because I know myself to be incapable of fixing the hook tight into its "bushing," and also for a number of other reasons. The first is sufficient. But persons of leisure, and gifted with a manly distaste for literature, may do a great deal towards killing time, and, possibly, fish, by tying their own flies. The art may very well be practised by ladies; it is neat, decorative, useful, and endearing. It is better than making bad drawings, or terrible antimacassars, or writing emancipated novels of dismal realism, and, in skilled hands, the art is really remunerative. It necessitates a knowledge of ornithology, for toucans, red-breasted crows, jungle cocks, green parrots, macaws, and birds-of-paradise, for all that I know, are among the fowls which contribute their plumage to salmon flies. The processes are perfectly clean and neat—in fact, here is a field for female fancy and ingenuity. Why salmon take salmon flies now and then, and what they take them for, is a mystery. The makers and many fishers think that salmon are very particular to a shade of blue or yellow or brown; that they discriminate delicately between a Bishop and a Childers, a Black Doctor and a Thunder and Lightning. It is really hard to believe that this is a correct view. A fish is lying in a deep, strong, and, perhaps, brown stream—he is on the look-out for food, or, perhaps, only for excitement. A little glittering, quivering object sweeps past him: he makes a bite at it, and he gets more excitement than he bargained for. But can we believe that he will reject one glittering, quivering object because it has a strand of blue in it, or a hackle of red, or a wing of brown, and select another similar object because it has a topping of green, or two turns of dark-orange seal fur, or the like? He may refuse one fly and take another, either because on the first time of asking he was not on the look-out, or because it was bigger or smaller than the second, or because it had more or less glitter; but it is hard to imagine that the more or less of colour had much to do with his preference. That doctrine gives salmon credit for eyes supernaturally keen and an æsthetic sense prodigiously delicate. The Wilkinson is, I think, a very ugly fly, a fly in bad taste; I would not use it, nor would an old gillie of my acquaintance, but other men swear by it. Here it is human taste, not that of fishes, which is at variance. To my poor thinking, size, big or less, and general shade, light or dark, are the important things about flies. The number of them might be very much reduced, probably, and nobody would be a loser but the tackle-maker. A very few bright, a very few dark patterns, in all sizes, are probably sufficient. On some rivers a certain set of flies are preferred by local experts, but if you bring another set they do just as well. But the gillie is never happy till his favourites are up, and so the foreign flies do not get a fair chance.

The truth seems to be that when salmon are hungry and eager they will take any fly, properly placed before them, which is not excessively big or excessively tiny, and is not too conspicuously garish for the state of the water. We do not even know for certain whether they like a dark fly on a bright day, a bright fly on a dark day, or vice versa. Dark and bright, small and large, these are the really important differences. Red, yellow, blue, or green seem to be unessential. It pleases the angler to be changing his flies when he has no sport, and when at last fish rise, he thinks he has hit on the right lure. Probably he has only reached the right time of day, the fish's dinner-time. Take the case of trout in a Hampshire river, and we know what occurs, because we see the fish. You go out at ten, and you see the trout all lying low down, deep in the water. There is no use in casting at them; they will look at no fly. Then there comes a time when you see them swimming near the surface, not rising if there are no flies, but actively on the look-out. You cast over them, and they come to the lure. Now, suppose the water was dark, so that you could not see the fish, as is the case in a salmon stream. You try with Jock Scott, Durham Ranger, Popham, Blue Doctor, Black Doctor, and what not, but never get a rise. Then you put on a Harriet, and get a fish or two. You determine that the Harriet is the right fly—the Harriet brought them up when they refused the others. But for all you know they just happened to begin to be on the look-out when you put up the Harriet. Anything else would have done as well. This you would have known if you could have seen the salmon as you do see the Hampshire trout. That is my own theory, and it tends in the direction of simplicity. A friend of my own went to the Tweed on a day that looked suitable, and fished his best pool without a rise. He gave it a rest for an hour, and tried it again, to no avail. He left it, but came back, reflecting that he had no better pool, and he got four salmon, weighing sixty-four pounds. He had hit on feeding-time; it was not a question of flies. Of course, if you raise a fish, and he declines a second offer of the same fly, you may try him with something different. There can be no harm in a change, and it is something to know that he is there. I doubt if it is wise to "rest" a fish that has missed a fly. If you wait, he may move up. You may as well take him when he is in the humour, though this is a heresy. Again, though the flies make no difference, it is just as well to use the local favourites. It is certain that the local fish do take them, and nothing, except science, benefits by experiments. I have known a river where everyone said the fish would not look at a phantom minnow. The water was very heavy, the laird did not mind, so I

tried the "eustrament," as the keeper called it. Both salmon and sea trout took it—in fact, the salmon took it home with them and kept it. Of course one would not have used it if the water had not been too heavy for fly. A salmon-fly is like nothing in the world—it imitates nothing; it merely glitters and quivers, and excites the fish's curiosity. I believe a salmon who meant to take would take anything quivering and glittering. I have seen flies dressed with the hair of two dogs, "The Skerry and Bran," and a Silver Doctor whose wings were made of the locks of an elderly man of letters. I believe Jock Scott would kill as well if the body were not made "of two equal sections," the first yellow, the second black, but was all black or all yellow, or half red, half blue, and if it had no horns at all. The fish does not trouble itself about horns. However, all this is heresy, and contrary to the books and the mystery of salmon-flies.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king," no doubt, though he be a child six years old, an innocent little boy, whose personality, let us hope, will hereafter be a dignified and royal presence, utterly unlike that of the King of Spain reigning three hundred years ago—the gloomy tyrant and bigot Philip II., the would-be conqueror of England, and patron of the dire Inquisition. His Majesty Don Alfonso XIII., born on May 17, 1886, came into the world after his father's



Photo by Fernando Debes, Madrid.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

death, and curiously enough, by the prerogative of his sex, deposed his elder sister, Queen Maria de las Mercedes, a little girl then even younger than he is now, having been born on Sept. 11, 1880. This was not his fault, and we do not believe that the sister has any cause to regret the change in her prospects; what we all know is that they have an excellent mother, Queen-Regent Maria Christina, an Austrian Archduchess, the second wife of their father, King Alfonso XII., and that this royal lady presides over the realm with exemplary fidelity to her public as well as her domestic duties, earning the respect of a gallant, courteous, and chivalrous nation. The tranquillity and independence of Spain, for which object, in this century and in the last, England has made great and costly sacrifices, can never be a matter of indifference to us in this country. There is no kingdom in Europe whose affairs have so often engaged the serious attention of British statesmen, not only when a Bourbon or a Napoleon, in France, cherished ambitious designs in that quarter, but also within living memory when Spain was distracted by civil wars. We earnestly hope, and see much ground for trusting, that the minority of Alfonso XIII., and his reign subsequently for many years, will be a period of peaceful prosperity, which his mother, still in the prime of life, may happily witness far into the twentieth century of Christendom, surrounded by a loyal, brave, and contented people.

## THE INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The extensive grounds and temporary buildings, situated between the Earl's Court and Lillie Road or West Brompton railway stations, which have, of late years, been occupied successively by the American, Italian, Spanish, and German Exhibitions, are now devoted to an International Horticultural

Exhibition, opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught on Saturday, May 7, the Bishop of London also taking part in that proceeding, with other persons of note or rank. Modern horticulture, bringing together its marvellous variety of plants and flowers from so many different regions of the globe, may well be an "international" pursuit; the hospitality of the great English nursery-gardeners, with their means of providing accommodation for vegetable foreigners from every clime, is unbounded, as well as the eagerness of an instructed public to study and enjoy the manifold beauties of colour and form, including those partly obtained by artificial devices in crossing and rearing, which now adorn a good show of this kind. The association of which Mr. Milner is chairman must be congratulated on its success in providing a spectacle so attractive to visitors of refined taste, and so well calculated to encourage improvement and enterprise in one of the most delightful arts. There is a certain apparent incongruity in allowing this horticultural exhibition to be accompanied, within the same grounds, by a repetition of the "Wild West" performances of Buffalo Bill, with his cowboys, Mexicans, and Indians riding their prairie ponies and firing their rifles; but these need not disturb the tranquil pleasure of the lover of flowers. The contributions both of professional and amateur gardeners or hot-house keepers merit great commendation, and those to whom prizes or silver medals were awarded must have been well deserving. All sorts of appliances for the management of a conservatory or of a flower-garden, tools and implements, watering-machines, glass-houses, with their heating and ventilating apparatus, summer-houses, ferneries, rockwork, and other garden ornaments are included in this exhibition. The general effect of the scene in the interior of the main building, with its abundance of palms, ferns, rhododendrons, azaleas, and roses, its grass-plots and winding paths, is as refreshing as that of stalls laden with shop-ware in an industrial exhibition is apt to be fatiguing. It cannot fail to attract multitudes of visitors in the coming months of a London summer.

## STATUE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

It has been left to Mr. Edwin Elwell, an American sculptor, to produce a full-length portrait figure of Charles Dickens, and his work is now to be seen at the Horticultural Exhibition. Mr. Elwell has had to contend with the difficulties which meet the artist who attempts to realise the recollections or the impressions of others, but those who see the seated figure of the popular novelist will recognise that he has reproduced with considerable success the features of the original. In his treatment of "Little Nell," Mr. Elwell has been able to give the imaginative side of his art a freer scope, and the result is a pleasing embodiment of one of Dickens's most delightful creations. Whether "Little Nell" will be considered a possibility in the next century is a matter of doubt, but we who have been her contemporaries can recognise the truthfulness with which Dickens hit off in her character one of the most delicate and touching sides of untutored child life. Meanwhile, we are thankful to Mr. Elwell for having fixed in marble "Little Nell" and her creator—for as such Charles Dickens will be as long known as by his other claim to immortality, the authorship of "Pickwick." Without suggesting that Mr. Elwell has done everything which might be done for Dickens, we may fairly ask how long will it be before London can show his statue to the millions who enjoy his writings?

## MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW BOOK.

Mr. Swinburne's new poem, "The Sisters: A Tragedy," just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, contains, along with much else that is valuable, two delightful lyrics, which we reproduce here—

## LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and Sorrow met in May  
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,  
And Sorrow smiled.  
Scarce a bird of all the spring  
Durst between them pass and sing,  
And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take  
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,  
Her crown of rue.  
Sorrow cast before her down  
Even for love's sake, Love's own crown,  
Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and spring  
Cowered and shrank with wounded wing  
Down out of sight.

May, with all her loves laid low,  
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow  
That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head  
Smiling down on springtime dead,  
On wintry May.

Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,  
Like a cloud in clearing skies,  
Passed away.

## AS I LOVE THEE.

There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear,  
There's nae ship loves the sea,  
There's nae bee loves the heather-bells,  
That loves as I love thee, my love,  
That loves as I love thee!

The whin shines fair upon the fell,  
The blithe broom on the lea—  
The maidsie wind is merry at heart:  
It's a' for love of thee, my love,  
It's a' for love of thee.

## THE COMING OF AGE OF LORD WARKWORTH.



ALNWICK CASTLE AND LION BRIDGE.



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.



EARL PERCY.



LORD WARKWORTH.

Alnwick Castle, the most characteristic abode of warlike English nobility and feudal dignity on the Scottish border, where historical reminiscences blend with those of romance and ballad poetry, was the scene of a great family birthday festival on Monday, May 9, and during several days of the week. This occasion was the "coming of age" of Lord Warkworth, Henry Algernon George Percy, eldest son of Earl Percy and grandson of the sixth Duke of Northumberland. The Duke, now eighty-two years of age, formerly called Lord Lovaine when he was M.P. for North Northumberland, being son of the Earl of Beverley, who in 1865 became fifth Duke, succeeded his father in 1867. His Grace is a Knight of the Garter. Countess Percy was Lady Edith Campbell, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, some of whose family, with the Marquis of Stafford and many other friends, were guests at Alnwick Castle. The festivities, continued and varied from day to day, were

arranged so as to include entertainments to all classes of people in the neighbourhood connected with the ducal residence and estates. A great banquet was given to the tenantry in the spacious old guest-hall of the castle, enlarged by a special annexe, fitted up and decorated for this feast, to which 1246 persons were invited, while ladies in the gallery looked down on the company at the tables. The band of the 1st Volunteer Artillery Brigade, Northern Division, of which the Duke is honorary colonel, played while dinner was served, and grace was sung before and after the repast by the boys of the Duke's school. The Duke could not be present, but Earl Percy was

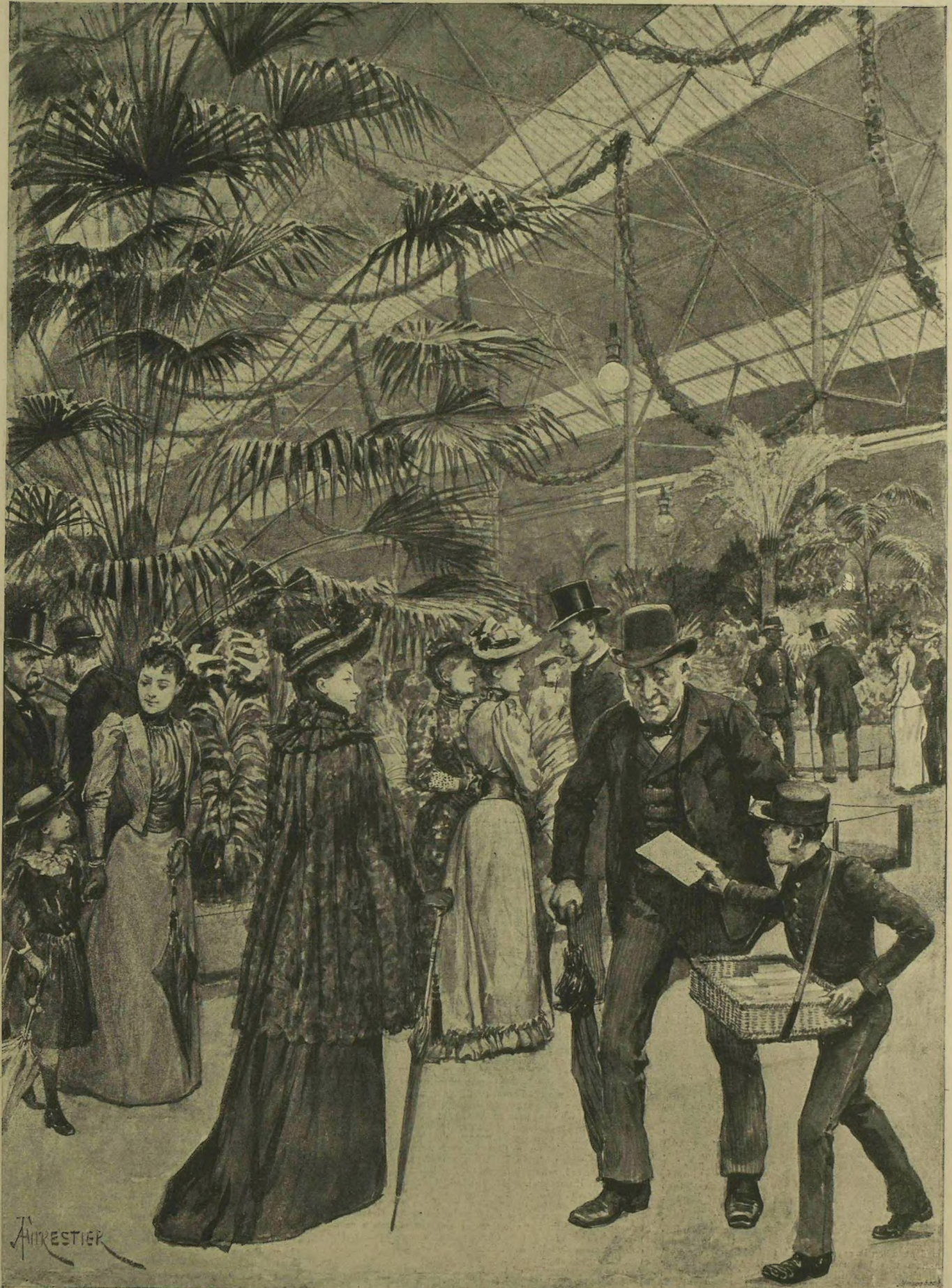
in the chair, with Lord Warkworth on his right, and the Marquis of Stafford on his left hand. Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., proposed the health of Lord Warkworth, referring to his career at Eton and Oxford as promising well for public and private life. Our illustrations, besides the scene at the banquet, present a view of Alnwick and portraits of the aged grandsire, the father, and the youthful nobleman himself. The castle has been often described; its architecture is partly of recent construction. One of its historic associations with the Scottish wars is that of the capture of King William "the Lion," in 1174, the memory of which, it must be supposed, gives its name to the Lion Gate.



GARDEN PARTY IN FRONT OF ALNWICK CASTLE.



"THREE CHEERS FOR LORD WARKWORTH!"



THE INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT: IN THE CENTRAL AVENUE.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., has been chosen member for North Hackney in place of the late Sir Lewis Pelly. His majority was a considerable one, his own vote being 4460 against 3991 votes for Mr. Meates, his Gladstonian rival. This is larger than that secured by Sir Lewis Pelly in 1884, when he was 416 votes ahead of his rival, and smaller than the same gentleman's majority of 1503 in 1886. Mr. Bousfield is a Conservative on very progressive lines, for he favoured the taxation of ground values, a graduated income tax, and some form of Eight Hours Bill. He is an able speaker, and has behind him an academic career of some distinction. He was a Wrangler in 1886, and was also Whitworth Scholar. He belongs to the Western Circuit, and took silk a short time since. He is an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and has written a book on the Trade Marks Act. He is not new to politics, but this is his first successful election campaign. He is only thirty-eight years of age.



MR. W. R. BOUSFIELD, M.P.

With Mr. Charles Edward Flower, who died suddenly at Warwick recently, Stratford-on-Avon loses a personality that will not soon be forgotten in the world-famed midland town. Mr. Flower, who was the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Flower, the founder of the big brewing business at Stratford, took an enormous interest in things Shaksperian, and spent something like £30,000 in erecting the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre and improving and beautifying the grounds. Mr. Flower's tall figure was familiar, indeed, to all who attended the annual festival which commemorates the poet's birthday, the latest of which was concluded but a short time ago, when "Timon of Athens" was produced by Mr. Benson's company. Mr. Flower lived at Avon Bank, a delightful house, charmingly situated on the river, and adjoining the picturesque churchyard.

The feature of the fifth Philharmonic concert was the appearance of Fräulein Gabrielle Wietrowetz, who, as on the occasion of her debut at the Crystal Palace, won all hearts by her fine interpretation of the Mendelssohn violin concerto. The Philharmonic audience of to-day is rather easily moved, but this time there was ample warrant for a display of enthusiasm, inasmuch as Fräulein Wietrowetz is a young artist of altogether exceptional calibre, and reminds one more of Herr Joachim than any other of his pupils with whom English amateurs are acquainted.

At length the fate of that latterly ill-fated house, Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, which for long has hung in the balance, has been decided, and at the end of May all its furniture and fittings will be sold by auction, and the middle of June will see the historic house itself knocked down to the highest bidders for building material. Old opera-goers will learn with regret that the stage where many of the greatest lyric artists of the century won their first English laurels is shortly to disappear for ever. It was at Her Majesty's that Grisi, Rubini, Mario, and Tamburini appeared together before they and others, with Sir Michael Costa, the celebrated conductor, started the "Royal Italian Opera," Covent Garden, in 1846; that Jenny Lind won the enthusiasm of the public in the following year; that the great Hamburg soprano Titens appeared during a number of years (beginning in 1858), unrivalled as Medea and in many another well-known operatic rôle; and that the attractive presence and singularly sweet voice of Christine Nilsson first won for her London popularity in 1867. A huge hotel is to usurp the place of the "abode of song," and will occupy the entire space between Pall Mall and the corner of Charles Street, its western boundary being the Opera colonnade.

The death of Lord Bramwell, though it occurred at an advanced age, seems to make English political and controversial life considerably poorer. Since his retirement from the Bench, which he had long adorned, his personality was chiefly known to his contemporaries under the signature "B." in the *Times*, and by the caustic but miniature essays on social, legal, and political questions, which that letter denoted. The *Times*, indeed, does no more than justice to its old



THE LATE LORD BRAMWELL.

correspondent when it says that "A sort of happy, classical colloquialism was his natural style. How often in our columns, under the familiar signature 'B.', has the right word been said—something felicitous, apt, and portable as a proverb, bright and glittering as an epigram, good sense in its best attire!" "B.'s" themes ran on two or three lines: the necessity of defending "property" and "liberty" against the Socialist attack, veiled or open, the speeches and opinions of Mr. Gladstone and his followers, and the sentimental business of modern legislation.

Long before the days of "B.", however, Lord Bramwell had earned a reputation as one of the ablest judges and most learned lawyers of his generation. He was the eldest son of

Mr. George Bramwell, and was born in 1808, being thus a year younger than Mr. Gladstone. He spent his earlier years in his father's bank, and the commercial training he thus gained was invaluable to him when he stepped from the desk to the law court. He was attached to the Home Circuit, and was, says his reviewer in the *Times*, "a master of special pleading." His fame as a lawyer, however, was greater than his skill as an advocate, and it really began in 1856, when he was made a Baron of the Exchequer. He was a powerful judge, with a certain keen and acrid common-sense, which often dissolved the chicanery of the law with wonderful effect. As a criminal judge he was severe, especially on brutal offenders, for whom he had no mercy. He had a caustic and unsparring wit, and his temper was not always equable, though it was kept in check by a vigorous and even sense of justice. He abandoned the practice of addressing homilies from the bench to convicted prisoners, and his civil judgments were, like his letters, couched in the fewest possible words. In 1876 he was made a Lord Justice of Appeal, and in 1882 Mr. Gladstone raised him to the peerage as Baron Bramwell of Haver. In the Lords he did excellent legal service, and his presence was always valued and valuable. He died at his country residence, Holmwood, Edenbridge, on May 9. He was a great judge, and came very near being a great man.

The Rev. Joseph Edmund Rogers, M.A., who has been appointed by the Dean of Norwich to the important vicarage of Great Yarmouth, is a very well known Evangelical clergyman, who has long been regarded as one of the rising men of the party. He took his degree from Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1879, and he is now about thirty-five years of age. He served as curate for five years (1880-5), under the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, at St. Paul's, South Kensington, and was then presented to the living of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells, which he still holds. As a preacher he is plain and forcible, but as an organiser he is an absolutely untried man. At Kensington he was, so to speak, in leading-strings, and at Tunbridge Wells he has only to deal with a population of 2000. The parish of Great Yarmouth contains 40,000 souls, and the need for organising capacity and administrative ability in the vicar is very great. But Mr. Rogers has the energy of youth on his side, and, if honest hard work and single-minded devotion can effect anything, there is little doubt that he will be successful. He is delightfully suave in manner, and is very popular with all classes; but he will find it a difficult task to reconcile the parishioners—as he will have to do—to the changes in the mode of conducting divine worship which, it is understood, he will introduce. Hitherto the service has been on moderate High Church lines. Mr. Rogers is a decided Evangelical.

Mr. Wall and the Cobden Club must divide between them the credit of the abolition of an oppressive and indefensible tax on some of the poorest subjects of the Crown. This is the paddy tax in Ceylon, which, thanks to Mr. Wall's efforts in Ceylon and the work of the Cobden Club in this country, has at length been done away with. The immediate instrument of the change is the new Governor, who, before he took office, convinced himself by a patient study of the question that the tax was a most unjust impost and was ruining the poor rice or paddy growers whom it effected. So its long and oppressive history has at length come to an end. The paddy or rice tax was of very ancient origin. In its earlier forms it took the shape of a rent levied from time immemorial on all cultivated lands by the native kings, who were the absolute owners of the soil. It was levied in kind, like the old tithes, and represented a fixed proportion of the produce. The Dutch continued it on the old system, but the British assessed it at a tenth of the produce, exempting all but the rice lands, and levying as before in kind. The cultivation of paddy declined enormously, and the system of farming out the tax increased the hardships of the cultivators. So in 1878 it was commuted to a cash payment or assessed tax on the rice lands, whether they yielded a crop or not, default in payment entailing distraint and the sale of the property. Under this change the misery of the tenants was as great as ever, and thousands of them were evicted and thrown destitute on the country. Continuous agitation, however, has done its work, and Mr. Wall's efforts have happily proved successful. The abolition of the tax has been hailed with rejoicings all over Ceylon.

One feature of the May Meetings this year has been the conspicuous part played by American divines outside the Anglican communion. The great meeting of the Church Missionary Society at Exeter Hall enjoyed nothing better than the racy discourse of Dr. Pentecost, an American Presbyterian, who has been conducting an evangelistic tour in India, and interviewing the Viceroy by the way. A Doctor of Divinity who appears in pronounced lay attire is not a common spectacle on a Church platform. Evidently Dr. Pentecost agrees with Mr. R. F. Horton, the ex-Fellow of New College, Oxford, who ministers to an Independent congregation at Hampstead. Mr. Horton, defending lay attire for ministers before the Oxford Union, said: "I will wear no clothes to distinguish me from my brethren." But that, of course, was only an example of the things one would rather have expressed otherwise. At a semi-private function of the Church Missionary Society the chief speaker was Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Philadelphia, and he, too, harangued some three hundred clergy with marked effect. At the great meeting of the Bible Society, Dr. Morrow, of Philadelphia, a quieter and less distinctly American speaker, was heard to advantage.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, for our portrait of the late Lord Bramwell; to Messrs. Adkins and Co., 46, Stamford Hill, N., for that of Mr. Bousfield, Q.C.; to Mr. Cooper, of New Street, Birmingham, for that of Earl Percy; and to Messrs. Hill and Saunders, of Oxford, for that of Lord Warkworth.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

At the seaside, the other day, in the coffee-room of a very comfortable hotel, I came across a file of the *Illustrated London News*. I know of no more pleasant way to refresh your memory about the past. With the aid of the pictures and with the help of the text you can take your thoughts back to old times and note the progress of events. Now, I was astonished to find that so long ago as 1884 I was pounding away at what I then considered the bane of modern acting—faulty elocution and clumsy diction. It made me feel quite nervous to think that for nearly ten years I have been strutting away on the same string. I fear I have bored many of our readers with this ceaseless iteration. But I cannot help it; it is true. Nay, I believe that the majority of actors and actresses speak worse on the stage now than they did in 1884. Then it was only in the large theatres that we could not hear them; nowadays they are inaudible on the very smallest stages in London. The reason of it all is obvious. They have, for the most part, been reared on the mildest of dramatic pap, instead of on strong, healthy, invigorating food. Not one-tenth of our leading actors and actresses have ever studied to speak blank verse or to render Shakspeare intelligibly. Some demon has whispered in their ears that to be natural on the stage is to speak just as people speak in drawing-rooms and society. Never was there a greater absurdity uttered. The actor or actress who speaks with the same voice and with the same method on the stage as in the drawing-room is absolutely inaudible. The art is so to train the voice and so to learn voice production as to appear to speak on the stage as men and women speak in the drawing-room—which is a very different thing. A singer is taught to sing; why should not an actor be taught to speak? The same method will not do with the ballad in the back parlour and on the platform of St. James's Hall. And yet these confident young ladies and gentlemen come on the stage and laugh anyone to scorn who suggests that it is necessary to learn how to speak the words that every intelligent person can understand. One of the chief reasons why so many modern plays are condemned on first nights is that the so-called artists are unintelligible. No one in the house, without straining his ears, can get hold of the drift of the sentences. No effort is made to hold an audience. No impression is made. And so despair sets in. I really do not believe that there would have been any scene at all on the first night of "The Crusaders," or on the first night of "The Fringe of Society," if the majority of the artists had been ordinarily audible.

The other morning we had a welcome surprise. Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman) returned to the stage to appear in a very important character in a strange but effective Swedish play called "Karin." Of course this clever lady has been trained to speak on the stage from childhood. She was one of the celebrated "Bateman children" who recited Shakspeare at the St. James's Theatre in the days of long ago. She was the celebrated Leah of the Adelphi, and she has played every important part in the classical drama. I have followed Miss Bateman with interest throughout her excellent career; but I had no idea what an elocutionist she was until I heard her the other morning at the Vandeville as the vigorous mother-in-law of Karin, the oppressed. Or, shall I be rude enough to put it the other way? I had no idea how faulty was our modern elocutionary method before I contrasted it with that of a trained and accomplished actress. The ear, grown accustomed to muffled utterance, gabbled sentences, and irritating voice-dropping at the end of every sentence, was startled when Miss Bateman began to speak. It seemed a revelation. Every word fell into its proper place. Each syllable was pronounced. Value was given to every emphasis and intonation. It was like the relief of looking on a lovely landscape or a wood full of bluebells after a dreary sojourn in London. How delightful it was to find a woman who could speak and make us understand her words! But, as good luck would have it, Miss Bateman had much more to do than merely speak correctly. She had one very fine scene. It is that of a strong-minded mother urging her craven son to be a man and not a coward. Out came the old spirit of Lady Macbeth. She was the man; the boy was the woman. But how a merely modern actress, ignorant of the art of diction, would have murdered that scene! How she would have raved and stormed and wasted her little energy! How little reserve force she would have had for the climax and the triumph! The orator keeps in store a reserve of strength and nerve for his peroration. Why not the actress? That is exactly what Miss Bateman did. The scene rose and rose and rose, gradually, by artistic and legitimate means to its climax. The scene had been studied. It had not been left to haphazard. To leave such scenes to chance and Providence is not good art! Miss Bateman knows that effect cannot be secured without study. The scene was a triumph, and so much of a triumph that everything else was wiped out. The slate was clean. There was no use attempting to "better" that *tour de force*. The position was taken, and there was no turning out the conqueror. I find I have been preaching all this for ten years. But one ounce of practice is worth all the preaching, and I only hope the house that morning was full of modern actresses, and that they all went home heartily ashamed of themselves. If anything could ever induce them to study the "art of speaking," Miss Bateman's performance ought to have done so.

On one morning we saw "Karin" at the Vandeville; on the next "The Primrose Path" at the same theatre. Both plays contained offensive, bullying husbands and downtrodden, moaning wives. Is not the women's rights question being pushed a little too far on the stage? Are men really as bad as they are represented to be in these plays? A case is often ruined by overstating it, and I fear that the downtrodden ladies have somewhat exaggerated the baleful influence of tyrant man. As an old friend observed when we were comparing notes going home after "Karin," "If they hate us so much, why on earth do they marry us?" We are getting nearer and nearer to that fatal day when the theatre will no longer be a place of amusement but a discussion forum. Socialism, Fabianism, Agnosticism, Buddhism, Egoism, are all to be preached from this convenient platform. And as the preaching advances the playgoers will turn tail and flee. They will run to the music-hall, to the dust-hole, to the uttermost ends of the earth, sooner than be crushed at by the advocates of some mysterious "ism" and the Jaeger dirty-coloured clothing. When the stage becomes a platform, then its day is done. But worse remains behind. I am told that the modern grievance-monger in petticoats intends to use the stage as an outlet for the advertisement of her own sorrows. We are to have plays with a private purpose. Now Mrs. Weldon is to be on the war-path to castigate man with the aid of dramatic fiction. The personal novel will not do. We are to have the personal play. What a pity not to wash dirty linen at home!

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen left Windsor on Friday, May 20, for Balmoral. Her Majesty is to return to Windsor towards the close of the week after Ascot, on June 24 or 25.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are at Sandringham with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, are to proceed on May 23 to Copenhagen, says *Truth*, on a visit to the King and Queen of Denmark. The Prince of Wales and Prince George will afterwards visit the Empress Frederick at Homburg before returning to England on or about June 18, and the Princess and her daughters are going from Copenhagen to Wiesbaden, and thence to Gmunden, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

The political situation is still an echo of Lord Salisbury's Covent Garden speech. Lord Rosebery, who has given up the chair of the London County Council, signalled his return to the larger sphere of public affairs by a speech at Edinburgh, in which he vigorously assailed the Prime Minister for the alleged incitement to rebellion in Ulster. It is noteworthy that Lord Salisbury does not share the interpretation put upon his speech by his hostile critics. Writing to an ingenious inquirer, Mr. McDonnell, the Premier's secretary, denies that his chief used the words, "Ulster will rebel," or any language which could bear this construction. The rejoinder of the Opposition scribes is to quote Lord Salisbury's rhetoric about the resistance to James II., his repudiation of "passive obedience," and the warning to the Ulstermen that they are threatened with the domination of their "hereditary and irreconcilable foes."

But the dictation of politicians must always be construed according to the fluctuating exigencies of the moment. Professor Dicey said rather rashly at a Unionist meeting that if the House of Lords must go down it could not fall more gloriously than in defending Unionist principles. This would seem to imply that the fate of the Lords is bound up with the issue of the Home Rule controversy, a proposition which Professor Dicey would probably like to amend. The General Election will lead to the readjustment of a good many prophecies. Mr. Balfour, by the way, predicted at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner that we should soon witness the experiment of Parliamentary Government by small majorities. Whether Mr. Balfour expects that in the next Parliament this experiment will be made by himself he did not say, but, at all events, it is believed by many that the majority will not be large either way.

In Ireland, the personal jealousies of the Anti-Parnellite leaders have broken into an open flame. Mr. Dillon fiercely criticised Mr. Healy at a meeting of the directors of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. Healy retorted in that chastened style of invective for which he is famous. The discussion sprang from the interminable dispute about the amalgamation of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *National Press*, a topic of which the general public must be a little weary. In reality, the struggle represents the attempt of Mr. Healy to step into Mr. Parnell's shoes. The ablest man in the Irish Party, he is probably the most bitterly disliked, and his ascendancy will be long and strenuously resisted.

North Hackney returned the Unionist candidate, Mr. Bousfield, by a majority of nearly a thousand, being about five hundred less than in 1886 and five hundred more than in 1885. This result was a disappointment to the Liberal Party, who expected to come within an ace of winning the seat, though this division of Hackney has always been Conservative. The victory of the Unionists shows that the course of the County Council elections is not an altogether trustworthy guide to the Parliamentary election, as the Moderate poll in North Hackney was considerably short of the Unionist poll in the Parliamentary contest.

In the House of Commons Mr. Chaplin has piloted his Small Holdings Bill through Committee, and Mr. Goschen has passed his Budget resolutions after a sharp encounter with Sir William Harcourt. Sir William, who expects to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Parliament, accused Mr. Goschen of making surpluses out of borrowed money, and of shifting his debts on to the shoulders of his successor. The debate wandered into a wilderness of figures, which seemed to serve the purposes both of attack and defence with that impartiality which is found only in Parliamentary arithmetic. Mr. Goschen made legitimate capital out of his reduction of taxation, and the ships he has added to the Navy; but the General Election will not be decided either on his vindication or on Sir William Harcourt's assault.

Mr. R. G. Webster carried by a large majority a resolution affirming the necessity of depriving illiterate voters of their privileges under the Ballot Act. The proportion of illiterates is largest in Ireland, where it is alleged that many voters declare themselves illiterate at the bidding of the priests. At present the discussion of this question is somewhat academic, for, as Mr. Balfour admitted, it is not likely that any attempt will be made to disfranchise the illiterate electorate. Under the Irish Local Government Bill it is provided that illiterates shall not vote for County Councils, but the Bill is not likely to bask in the sunshine of the Statute-book.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour received the deputation of the London Trades Council on the eight hours question, but showed no disposition to consider the principle of a universal and compulsory eight hours day as practicable. The deputation gave up the universal and compulsory part of the business, and founded themselves on the resolution of the Trades Union Congress at Newcastle that eight hours should be optional for every industry. Lord Salisbury pointed out that if the adoption of this principle were to be followed by a great increase in the numbers of the employed, there would be a corresponding increase in the cost of production and a decline of profit. How to extend the market of a commodity by making it dearer is one of the economic problems which do not seem to be approaching solution.

Harmony has been restored in the Women's Liberal Federation on the basis of a compromise by which the members, while embodying women's suffrage in their programme, pledge themselves not to make it a test question at the General Election, but to do all in their power to secure the return of the Liberal Party to office. In view of this decision, Mr. Gladstone may claim that his much abused pamphlet on the suffrage for women has, at least, removed this obstacle from his path for the time. There are a good many things to be dealt with before the great parties in the State can apply themselves seriously to a question which threatens us with the most fundamental revolution of all.

The Durham colliers' strike would now be at an end but for the attitude of the masters. There can be no doubt that the men in their extremity would accept the ten per cent. reduction of wages originally demanded by their employers, but the latter now insist on thirteen and a half per cent. The exasperation caused by this exaction must prolong a struggle which has already caused inexpressible misery to a great number

of people. It is estimated that in Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire quite a hundred thousand human beings are on the verge of starvation. The mayors of West Hartlepool, Darlington, Middlesbrough, and Stockton-on-Tees have issued an appeal to the benevolence of the public. The paralysis of the iron and steel industries, owing to the coal strike, has brought destitution on this multitude. Nobody can wonder that the idea of compulsory arbitration to prevent such calamities is gaining ground among the working classes.

A conference has been held at the War Office between the managers of the leading railway companies and some members of the Government, who urged upon the companies the propriety of giving a certain proportion of vacancies to Army Reserve men. At present the lot of the Army Reserve man is hard, for he has great difficulty in finding permanent employment. The managers agreed that there might be two thousand vacancies a year on their lines, and they were willing to find room for four or five hundred Army Reserve men who came to them with good recommendations.

A petition has been presented to the Upper House of Convocation by the Bishop of Rochester in favour of the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries. The Bishop supported the petition in an admirable speech, in which he exposed the fallacy of the assumption that the Sunday opening would lead to a great increase of Sunday labour. The petition was referred to a committee. Meanwhile the Lord's Day Observance Society has held its annual meeting, and congratulated itself on having distributed over two hundred thousand tracts, and secured the closing of the metropolitan cemeteries on Sunday except for an hour.

In the course of an address to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Mr. Henry Fowler made an energetic



CHARLES DICKENS AND "LITTLE NELL."  
BRONZE STATUE BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

protest against the system of insurance for children's lives. In the vast majority of cases it is idle to suppose that the insurance of a child's life saves its parents from pecuniary loss. The custom is a direct incentive to crime, for the murder of children for the sake of the insurance money is perhaps the worst abomination which flourishes in a presumably civilised society.

A new charter for the city of Belfast has been issued by royal authority, granting the title of "Lord Mayor" to the municipal head of that city, the capital of Ulster. The present Mayor is Mr. Daniel Dixon, a shipowner, timber-merchant, and landed proprietor, and a Conservative in politics.

The relatives of Deeming in England have indignantly repudiated his allegation that his family is steeped in lunacy and vice. This was put forward in support of the plea of insanity urged in his defence, and it is a gross fabrication, like the rest of his tales. It seems to be the policy of "instinctive criminals" now to throw mud at their family connections, with the desperate hope that a pseudo-science will help them to escape the gallows by libelling everybody who has the misfortune to be their kin.

The question of greatest apparent interest just now in Continental politics is that of the future position of Italy as a member of the Triple Alliance, bound to maintain warlike armaments equal to possible demands of Germany and Austria for her co-operation in the hypothetical cases of need which may be extremely remote, but which Great Powers, in the centre of Europe, these twenty years past, have been wont to consider. It is a tremendous financial burden on Italy, and the overthrow of the Marquis di Rudini's Administration was the result of an unpopularity for which no other cause was to be assigned; but this crisis has resulted in the formation of a new Cabinet, headed by Signor Giolitti, which cannot promise any substantial reduction of the army and navy expenses, and has apparently no idea of departing from the compact with the Governments of Berlin and Vienna. Writers in these two capitals, supposed to be semi-officially

prompted, have therefore changed their notes of uneasiness for patronising expressions of satisfaction, while the French Ministerial papers affect a tone of displeasure. The new Italian Premier will be Minister of the Interior; Admiral Brin takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and General Pelloux retains the War Department; the Minister of Finance, Signor Ellena, has the most difficult task. I should expect an early dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, which is in a state of such confusion of parties that no Government can get along with it, and which cannot represent solid drifts of public opinion.

The French Senate and Chamber of Deputies reassembled on Tuesday, May 17, and the Ministry of M. Loubet seems to have gained strength by the diminution of the Anarchist dynamite scare, also by the labour demonstration of May 1 passing off quietly, and by the decided language of the Pope's Encyclical Letter condemning all intrigues among the clergy hostile to the Republican Constitution. These are, to my mind, rather negative grounds of confidence in the stability of a Government, which ought to rely on its own merits and performances or capabilities, but chiefly on its character for prudence and firmness. The Prime Minister's personal attendance at the funeral of poor M. Véry, the unfortunate victim of the Anarchist bomb in the Boulevard Magenta, had a good effect in the minds of Parisian bourgeoisie; and a pension is to be granted to M. Véry's widow.

The vigorous prosecution of suspected Anarchists by M. Loubet's Government is displayed in an official report, showing that in Paris, before April 22, nineteen were arrested, including Ravachol, and fifty-two since that date; but fifty-six have been released for want of evidence against them. In the provinces, 167 arrests have been made, but only forty-nine persons are now in custody. Ravachol is awaiting his trial at St. Etienne for the murder of two old ladies and two old men.

The German Emperor William II. has been engaged in a course of political visitations, banquets, and speeches, characterised by the usual tone of boisterous affability and patriotic self-confidence—for, with his Majesty, above all, "L'Etat c'est moi"—in the chief towns of Pomerania and West Prussia; reviewing troops, praising soldiers, and launching a new cruiser at Dantzig on May 17. His reception, both in that city and at Stettin, and in the provincial assemblies, was highly enthusiastic; and he still wins popular applause by generous promises of all manner of benefits to a trustful and obedient commonalty, mingled with allusions to the virtues of his father and his grandfather, whose memory is to be further perpetuated by the erection of additional monuments and statues. Legislation in the Prussian Reichstag seems taking a rather democratic complexion; the privilege of exemption from property taxes, hitherto allowed to former counts and other nobles of the old empire, is to be henceforth abolished, with pecuniary compensation to the noble houses. There is a project of an International Exhibition at Berlin.

In the Austria-Hungary Empire the Reichstag has been called upon by the Finance Minister to accept an important scheme of currency reform, gradually withdrawing the paper money now in circulation, substituting gold for silver as the metallic basis, and providing an issue of State and bank notes convertible into gold. It will be a task requiring some time, as well as financial ingenuity, and that can only be accomplished in years of tolerably secure peace.

We must all be glad to learn that the reports of the agricultural condition of some of the distressed provinces in Russia begin to show local symptoms of improvement. The serious riots at Loda (Petrovsk) arose from a strike of factory workmen to the number of 60,000; it is a Polish district. Increasing attention is turned to the Asiatic provinces of the empire as a field of industrial emigration, and of manufacturing and commercial enterprise. The mysterious death of General Grösser, the Prefect of St. Petersburg, from blood-poisoning caused by certain medicinal injections, has excited rumour of a plot to murder him by tampering with the liquid he used; but no proof of such a crime has yet been adduced. General von Wahl is appointed his successor.

Greece has risen considerably in the esteem of European diplomacy, which is undoubtedly desirous to preserve the general peace, by the result of the late Parliamentary elections, utterly routing the rash party of M. Delyannis, and giving that of M. Trikoupis, more averse to schemes of territorial aggrandisement, a majority reckoned at three-fourths of the new Chamber. The influence of King George is said to have been largely applied to procure this electoral result, and his Majesty, with the royal family, proceeds now to visit his relatives in Denmark, leaving M. Trikoupis to his work of putting Greek finance in order as well as he can.

The Protectionist fiscal and commercial policy adopted by the Spanish Government, in view of the expiration of existing treaties of commerce on July 1, is regarded by England, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, countries much interested in Spanish import trade, with some natural regret. It is believed that the real aim of this policy is to have some exclusive privileges that Spain may offer to France in exchange for the admission of Spanish wines, and that the owners of collieries in Spain want to enjoy a coal monopoly. The young King, who has just passed his sixth birthday, expresses no opinion, so far, on questions of this kind, but is learning to ride a velocipede, and playing with his two sisters.

Students and observers of the different problems of political constitution-making will feel some interest, I think, in the measures now under discussion among Belgian statesmen for altering the mode of election to the Senate, and providing a direct appeal to the popular vote, called the "Referendum," upon the final adoption of any future change, passed by the two Chambers, in the fundamental laws of that kingdom. It may be doubted whether these measures are likely to assure an immediate gain of power to the Liberal or Anti-Clerical party, even if they be extended to universal suffrage; for the representation of minorities in senatorial elections is made an indispensable feature of the scheme. M. Beernaert, the Minister, with the approval of King Leopold II., firmly stands by his project, which is opposed, in its present form, by M. Woeste and the Conservatives: a newly elected Chamber is to decide. The payment of stipends to members of the Senate is rejected by leaders of every party.

The Federal Court of Switzerland has investigated the case of five American tourists, who were illegally imprisoned, two years ago, at Berne, on suspicion of being pickpockets; the Canton of Berne is ordered to pay a fine, with compensation to those gentlemen, who were detained five days in prison.

The British Envoy to Morocco, Sir C. Euan Smith, arrived at Fez on May 12, and has been received there by the Sultan.

In South America, the Venezuelan revolt against President Palacios's Government is rapidly gaining military successes; the city of Bolivar has been captured, and General Crespo now threatens Caracas with a strong force. Barbarous murders of defeated generals accompany this civil war. X.



"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN."—AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDESEER, R.A.

ONE OF THE PICTURES OF LORD CHEYLESMORE'S COLLECTION. RECENTLY SOLD FOR 6900 GUINEAS.

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This picture, if not the best of all Sir Edwin Landseer's stag pieces, certainly ranks among the most popular, and the price given for it on the last occasion, when Lord Cheylesmore's collection was dispersed, shows that it has lost nothing in public esteem. It was originally painted for the House of Lords, where it was designed to fill a panel in one of the committee-rooms of the new Palace of Westminster. The idea that it might be found possible to decorate the Parliament Houses with specimens of our best artists was very much taken up about 1850; but happily the conflicting tastes of connoisseurs called the "Committee of Fine Arts" prevented the scheme from being carried out. Landseer, however, was one of those who entered in the competition, and painted for it "The Monarch of the Glen," a stag of twelve times standing on a rock amid the heather and breathing defiance to his rivals. The picture, after a short sojourn at Westminster, was returned with the thanks of the committee, conveyed in a circular-letter. Landseer, who had been an R.A. since 1831, and had been knighted in the previous year (1850), as might have been expected, was furious with the treatment of a work into which he had thrown his best powers, and which, on the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, was recognised as one of his most successful efforts. A certain

cloud of ill-luck seemed, however, to have settled on the work. Landseer, probably under the disappointment of its refusal at Westminster, had sold it to Lord Londesborough for 350 guineas before the exhibition opened, and on the opening-day his "Titania and Bottom," which belongs to the same year, was sold to Mr. Brunel, the engineer, for a much larger sum. "The Monarch of the Glen," although frequently engraved, never left Lord Londesborough's house until his collection was dispersed in 1884, and consequently it was not included in the special collection of Landseer's works brought together at Burlington House in 1874, shortly after his death. At the sale in question the picture was the subject of keen competition. Messrs. Agnew, who had shortly before privately purchased from Earl Brownlow the "Titania and Bottom" (bought by him at the Brunel sale in 1860 for £2940) were anxious to obtain this picture also; but after a spirited contest Mr. W. H. Eaton, M.P. (afterwards Lord Cheylesmore), was the ultimate purchaser at £6510, the highest price ever bid in public auction for a picture by Landseer, although it is generally understood that Mr. W. C. Quilter, M.P., paid 7000 guineas to Messrs. Agnew for the "Titania and Bottom." The experience of last week showed that Lord Cheylesmore had not overestimated the value of this acquisition eight years previously, but at the

same time it proved that Landseer's second "string" in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1851 has all along maintained the superior price it then realised. Other pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer have from time to time been sold at prices which show that his popularity as an artist has been sustained more persistently than is often the case with modern painters. For example, at the sale of Mr. E. L. Bette's pictures in 1868, "Braemar," a stag piece, painted in 1857, was sold for £4200; at the sale of his remaining pictures, by his executors, his "Godiva" fetched £3360; "The Otter Hunt"—painted for the Earl of Aberdeen—was sold at Baron Grant's dispersion of the "Kensington House Gallery" for £5932; "Man Proposes but God Disposes," the picture representing the Franklin relics, £6615; while perhaps the most surprising of all was the sum of £5250 paid by Sir E. Scott for the chalk cartoon of a stag pursued by a deerhound, which was given among other large sums at the sale of Mr. Coleman's pictures in 1881.

From these and similar instances which might be cited, Landseer's position as the first among English painters of animals seems assured, and there is little apprehension in the minds of picture buyers that he runs the risk of being speedily dethroned.



# A CHINESE GIRL GRADUATE, BY Professor Douglas.

WHO among the three hundred million sons of Han does not know the saying—

There's Paradise above, 'tis true;  
But here below we've Hang and Su!\*

And though no one will deny the beauty of those far-famed cities, they cannot compare in grandeur of situation and boldness of features with many of the towns in the province of this part of the empire is Mienchu, which, as its name implies, is celebrated for the silky bamboos which grow in its immediate neighbourhood. These form, however, only one of the features of its loveliness. Situated at the foot of a range of mountains which rise through all the gradations from rich and abundant verdure to the region of eternal snow, it lies embosomed in groves of beech, cypress,

and bamboo, through the leafy screens of which rise the upturned yellow roofs of the temples and official residences, which dot the landscape like golden islands in an emerald sea; while, beyond the wall hurries, between high and rugged banks, the tributary of the Fu River, which bears to the mighty waters of the Yangtze-Kiang the goods and passengers which seek an outlet to the eastern provinces.

The streets within the walls of the city are scenes of life and bustle, while in the suburbs stand the residences of those who can afford to live in peace and quiet, undisturbed by the clamour of the Le and Chang† of the town. There, in a situation which the Son of Heaven might envy, stands the official residence of Colonel Wun. Outwardly it has all the appearance of a grandee's palace, and within the massive boundary walls which surround it the courtyards, halls, grounds, summer-houses, and pavilions are not to be exceeded

in grandeur and beauty. The office which had fallen to the lot of Colonel Wun was one of the most sought after in the province, and commonly only fell to officers of distinction. Though not without fame in the field, Colonel Wun's main claim to honour lay in the high degrees he had taken in the examinations. His literary acquirements gained him friends among the civil officers of the district, and the position he occupied was altogether one of exceptional dignity.

Unfortunately, his first wife died, leaving only a daughter to keep her memory alive; but at the time when our story opens his second spouse, more kind than his first, had presented him with a much-desired son. The mother of this boy was one of those bright, pretty, gay creatures who commonly gain the affections of men much older than themselves. She sang in the most faultless falsetto, she played the guitar with taste and expression, and she danced with grace and agility. What wonder, then, that when the Colonel returned from his tours of inspection and parades, weary with travel and dust,

\* Hangchow and Suchow.

† I.e., the people. Le and Chang are the two commonest surnames in China.



She sang in the most faultless falsetto, she played the guitar with taste and expression, and she danced with grace and agility.



In a situation which the Son of Heaven might envy, stands the official residence of Colonel Wan.

he found relief and relaxation in the joyous company of Hyacinth. And was she not also the mother of his son? Next to herself, there can be no question that this young gentleman held the chief place in the Colonel's affections; while poor Jasmine, his daughter by his first venture, was left very much to her own resources. No one troubled themselves about what she did, and she was allowed, as she grew up, to follow her own pursuits and to give rein to her fancies without let or hindrance. From her earliest childhood one of her lonely amusements had been to dress as a boy, and so unchecked had the habit become that she gradually drifted into the character which she had chosen to assume. She even persuaded her father to let her go to the neighbouring boys' school. Her mother had died before the Colonel had been posted to Mienchu, and among the people of that place, who had always seen her in boy's attire, she was regarded as an adopted son of her father. Hyacinth was only too glad to get her out of the way as much as possible, and so encouraged the idea of allowing her to learn to read and write in the company of their neighbours' urchins.

Being bright and clever, she soon gained an intellectual lead among the boys, and her uncommon beauty, coupled with the magnetism belonging to her sex, secured for her a popularity which almost amounted to adoration. She was tall for her age, as are most young daughters of Han, and her perfectly oval face, almond-shaped eyes, willow-leaf eyebrows, small, well-shaped mouth, brilliantly white teeth, and raven-black hair completed a face and figure which would have been noticeable anywhere. By the boys she was worshipped, and no undertaking was too difficult or too troublesome if it was to give pleasure to Tsunk'ing, or the "Young Noble," as she was called, for to have answered to the name of Jasmine would have been to proclaim her sex at once. Even the grim old master smiled at her through his horn spectacles as she entered the school-house of a morning, and any graceful turn in her poetry or scholarly diction in her prose was sure to win

for her his unsparing praise. Many an evening he invited the "Young Noble" to his house to read over chapters from Confucius and the poems of Le Taipoh; and years afterwards, when he died, among his most cherished papers were found odes signed by Tsunk'ing in which there was a good deal about bending willows, light, flickering bamboos, horned moons, wild geese, the sound of a flute on a rainy day, and the pleasures of wine, in strict accord with the models set forth in the "Aids to Poetry Making" which are common in the land.

If it had not been for the indifference with which she was treated in her home, the favour with which she was regarded abroad would have been most prejudicial to Jasmine; but any conceit which might have been engendered in the school-house was speedily counteracted when she got within the portals of the Colonel's domain. Coming into the presence of her father and his wife, with all the incense of kindness, affection, and, it must be confessed, flattery with which she was surrounded by her schoolfellows fresh about her, was like stepping into a cold bath. Wholesome and invigorating the change may have been, but it was very unpleasant, and Jasmine often longed to be alone to give vent to her feelings in tears.

One deep consolation she had, however: she was a devoted student, and in the society of her books she forgot the callousness of her parents, and, living in imagination in the bygone annals of the empire, she was able to take part, as it were, in the great deeds which mark the past history of the State, and to enjoy the converse and society of the sages and poets of antiquity. When the time came that she had gained all the knowledge which the old schoolmaster could impart to her, she left the school, and formed a reading party with two youths of her own age. These lads, by name Wei and Tu, had been her schoolfellows, and were delighted at obtaining her promise to join them in their studies. So industriously were these pursued that the three friends succeeded in taking their B.A. degree at the next examination, and, encouraged by this success, determined to venture on a struggle for the honour of winning a still higher distinction.

Though at one in their affection for Jasmine, Tu and Wei were unlike in everything else, which probably accounted for the friendship which existed between them. Wei was the more clever of the two. He wrote poetry with ease and fluency, and his essays were marked by correctness of style and aptness of quotation. But there was a want of strength in his character. He was exceedingly vain, and was always seeking to excite admiration among his companions. This unhappy failing made him very susceptible of adverse criticism, and at the same time extremely jealous of anyone who might happen to excel him in any way. Tu, on the other hand, though not so intellectually favoured, had a rough kind of originality, which always secured for his exercises a respectful attention, and made him at all times an agreeable companion. Having no exaggerated ideas of his capabilities, he never strove to appear otherwise than he was, and, being quite independent of the opinions of others, he was always natural. Thus, he was one who was sought out by his friends, and was best esteemed by those whose esteem was best worth having. In outward appearance the youths were as different as their characters were diverse. Wei was decidedly good-looking, but of a kind of beauty which suggested neither rest nor sincerity; while in Tu's features, though there was less grace, the want was fully compensated for by the strength and honest firmness of his countenance.

For both these young men Jasmine had a liking, but there was no question as to which she preferred. As she herself said, "Wei is pleasant enough as a companion, but, if I had to look to one of them for an act of true friendship—or as a lover," she mentally added, "I should turn at once to Tu." It was one of her amusements to compare the young men in her mind, and one day when so occupied Tu suddenly looked up from his book, and said to her—

"What a pity it is that the gods have made us both men! If I were a woman, the object of my heart would be to be your wife, and, if you were a woman, there is nothing I should like better than to be your husband."

Jasmine blushed up to the roots of her hair at having her own thoughts thus capped, as it were; but before she could answer Wei broke in with—

"What nonsense you talk! And why, I should like to know, should you be the only one the 'Young Noble' might choose, supposing he belonged to the other sex?"

"You are both talking nonsense," said Jasmine, who had had time to recover her composure, "and remind me of my two old childless aunts," she added laughing, "who are always quarrelling about the names they would have given their children if the Goddess Kwanyin had granted them any half a century ago. As a matter of fact, we are three friends

reading for our M.A. degree, neither more nor less. And I will trouble you, my elder brother," she added, turning to Tu, "to explain to me what the poet means by the expression 'tuneful Tung' in the line—

The greedy flames devour the tuneful Tung."

A learned disquisition by Tu on the celebrated musician who recognised the sonorous qualities of a piece of Tung timber burning in the kitchen fire effectually diverted the conversation from the inconvenient direction it had taken, and shortly afterwards Jasmine took her leave.

Haunted by the thought of what had passed, she wandered on to the verandah of her archery pavilion, and, while gazing half-unconsciously heavenwards, her eyes were attracted by a hawk which flew past and alighted on a tree beyond the boundary wall and in front of the study she had lately left. In a restless and thoughtless mood, she took up her bow and arrow, and with unerring aim compassed the death of her victim. No sooner, however, had the hawk fallen, carrying the arrow with it, than she remembered that her name was inscribed on the shaft, and, fearing lest it should be found by either Wei or Tu, she hurried round in the hope of recovering it. But she was too late. On approaching the study, she found Tu in the garden in front, examining the bird and arrow.

"Look," he said, as he saw her coming, "what a good shot someone has made, and, whoever it is, he has a due appreciation of his own skill. Listen to these lines which are scraped on the arrow—

D, not lightly draw your bow,  
But, if you must, bring down your foe."

Jasmine was glad enough to find that he had not discovered her name, and eagerly exchanged banter with him on the conceit of the owner of the arrow. But before she could recover it, Wei, who had heard the talking and laughter, joined them, and took the arrow out of Tu's hand to examine it. Just at that moment a messenger came to summon Tu to his father's presence, and he had no sooner gone than Wei exclaimed—

"But, see, here is the name of the mysterious owner of the arrow, and, as I live, it is a girl's name—Jasmine! Who, among the goddesses of Heaven, can Jasmine be?"

"Oh, I will take the arrow, then," said Jasmine. "It must belong to my sister. That is her name."

"I did not know that you had a sister," said Wei. "Oh yes, I have," answered Jasmine, quite forgetful of the celebrated dictum of Confucius—"Be truthful." "She is just one year younger than I am," she added, thinking it well to be circumstantial.

"Why have you never mentioned her?" asked Wei, with animation. "What is she like? Is she anything like you?"

"She is the very image of me."  
"What? In height and features and ways?"

"The very image, so that people have often said that if we changed clothes each might pass for the other."

"What a good-looking girl she must be!" said Wei, laughing. "But, seriously, I have not, as you know, yet set up a household, and, if your sister has not received bridal presents, I would beg to be allowed to invite her to enter my lowly habitation. What does my elder brother say to my proposal?"

"I don't know what my sister would feel about it," said Jasmine. "I would never answer for a girl, if I lived to be as old as the God of Longevity."

"Will you find out for me?"

"Certainly I will. But, remember, not a word must be mentioned on the subject to my father, or, in fact, to anybody, until I give you leave."

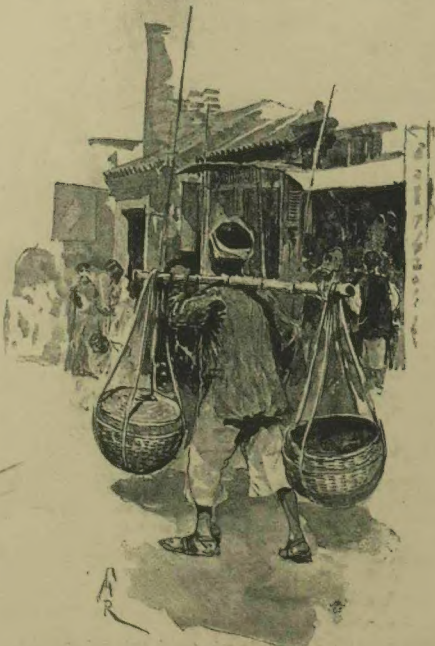
"So long as my elder brother will undertake for me, I will promise anything," said the delighted Wei. "I already feel as though I were nine-tenths of the way to the abode of the phoenix. Take this box of precious ointment to your sister as an earnest of my intentions, and I will keep the arrow as a token from her until she demands its return. I feel inclined to express myself in verse. May I?"

"By all means," said Jasmine, laughing. Thus encouraged, Wei improvised as follows—

'Twas sung of old that Lofu had no mate,  
Though Che was willing; for no word was said.  
At last an arrow like a herald came,  
As now an honoured brother lends his aid.

"Excellent," said Jasmine, laughing. "With such a poetic gift as you possess, you certainly deserve a better fate than befell Lofu."

From this day the idea of marrying Jasmine's sister possessed the soul of Wei. But not a word did he say to Tu on the matter, for he was conscious that, as Tu was the first to pick up the arrow through which he had become acquainted with the existence of Jasmine's sister, his friend might possibly lay a claim to her hand. To Jasmine also the subject



The streets within the walls of the city are scenes of life and bustle.

was an absorbing one. She felt that she was becoming most unpleasantly involved in a risky matter, and that, if the time should ever come when she should have to make an explanation, she might in honour be compelled to marry Wei, a prospect which filled her with dismay. The turn events had taken had made her analyse her feelings more than she had ever done before, and the process made her doubly conscious of the depth of her affection for Tu. "A horse," she said to herself, "cannot carry two saddles, and a woman cannot marry more than one man." Wise as this saw was, it did not help her out of her difficulty, and she turned to the chapter of accidents, and determined to trust to time, that old disposer of events, to settle the matter. But Wei was inclined to be impatient, and Jasmine was obliged to resort to more of those departures from truth which circumstances had forced upon this generally very upright young lady.

"I have consulted my father on the subject," she said to the expectant Wei, "and he insists on your waiting until the autumn examination is over. He has every confidence that you will then take your M.A. degree, and your marriage will, he hopes, put the coping-stone on your happiness and honour." "That is all very well," said Wei; "but autumn is a long time hence, and how do I know that your sister may not change her mind?"

"Has not your younger brother undertaken to look after your interests, and cannot you trust him to do his best on your behalf?"

"I can trust my elder brother with anything in the world. It is your sister that I am afraid of," said Wei. "But since you will undertake for her—"

"No, no," said Jasmine, laughing. "I did not say that I would undertake for her. A man who answers for a woman deserves to have 'fool' written on his forehead."

"Well, at all events, I will be content to leave the matter in your hands," said Wei.

At last the time of the autumn examination drew near, and Tu and Wei made preparations for their departure to the provincial capital. They were both bitterly disappointed when Jasmine announced that she was not going up that time. This determination was the result of a conference with her father. She had pointed out to the Colonel that if she passed and took her M.A. degree she might be called upon to take office at any time, and that then she would be compelled to confess her sex; and, as she was by no means disposed to give up the freedom which her doublet and hose

dared to say that my father has made use of Government taxes, has taken bribes for recommending men for promotion, has appropriated the soldiers' ration money, and has been in league with highwaymen."

"Is it possible?" said Tu, who was rather staggered by this long catalogue of crimes. "I should not have believed that anyone could have ventured to have charged your honoured father with such things, least of all the Intendant, who is notoriously possessed of an itching palm. But I tell you what we can do at once. Wei and I, being M.A.s, have a right to call on the Prefect, and it will be a real pleasure to us to exercise our new privilege for the first time in your service. We will urge him to inquire into the matter, and I cannot doubt that he will at once quash the proceedings."

Unhappily, Tu's hopes were not realised. The Prefect was very civil, but pointed out that, since a higher court had ordered the arrest of the Colonel, he was powerless to interfere in the matter. Many were the consultations held by the three friends, and much personal relief Jasmine got from the support and sympathy of the young men. One hope yet remained to her: Tu and Wei were about to go to Peking for their doctor's degrees, and if they passed they might be able to bring such influence to bear as would secure the release of her father.

"Let not the 'Young Noble' distress himself overmuch," said Wei to her, with some importance. "This affair will be engraved on our hearts and minds, and if we take our degrees we will use our utmost exertions to wipe away the injustice which has been done your father?"

"Unhappily," said the more practical Tu, "it is too plain that the examining magistrates are all in league to ruin him. But let our elder brother remain quietly at home, doing all he can to collect evidence in the Colonel's favour, while we will do our best at the capital. If things turn out well with us there, our elder brother had better follow at once to assist us with his advice."

Before the friends parted, Wei, whose own affairs were always his first consideration, took an opportunity of whispering to Jasmine, "Don't forget your honoured sister's promise, I beseech you. Whether we succeed or not, I shall ask for her in marriage on my return."

"Under present circumstances, we must no longer consider the engagement," said Jasmine, shocked at his introducing the subject at such a moment, "and the best thing that you can do is to forget all about it."



The evening was spent by the three students in joyous converse.

conferred upon her, it was agreed between them that she should plead illness and not go up. Her two friends, therefore, went alone, and brilliant success attended their venture. They both passed with honours, and returned to Mienchu to receive the congratulations of their friends. Jasmine's delight was very genuine, more especially as regarded Tu, and the first evening was spent by the three students in joyous converse and in confident anticipations of the future. As Jasmine took leave of her two new M.A.s, Wei followed her to the outer door and whispered at parting—

"I am coming to-morrow to make my formal proposal to your sister."

Jasmine had no time to answer, but went home full of anxious and disturbed thoughts, which were destined to take a more tragic turn than she had ever anticipated even in her most gloomy moments. The same cruel fate had also decreed that Wei's proposal was to be suspended, like Buddha, between heaven and earth. The blow fell upon him when he was attiring himself in the garments of his new degree, in preparation for his visit. He was in the act of tying his sash and appending to it his purse and trinkets, when Jasmine burst into the young men's study, looking deadly pale and bearing traces of acute mental distress on her usually bright and joyous countenance.

"What is the matter?" cried Tu, with almost as much agitation as was shown by Jasmine. "Tell me what has happened."

"Oh! my father, my poor father!" sobbed Jasmine.

"What is the matter with your father? He is not dead, is he?" cried the young men in one breath.

"No, it is not so bad as that," said Jasmine, "but a great and bitter misfortune has come upon us. As you know, some time ago my father had a quarrel with the Military Intendant, and that horrid man has, out of spite, brought charges against him for which he was carried off this morning to prison."

The statement of her misery and the shame involved in it completely unnerved poor Jasmine, who, true to her inner sex, burst into tears and rocked herself to and fro in her grief. Tu and Wei, on their knees before her, tried to pour in words of consolation. With a lack of reason which might be excused under the circumstances, they vowed that her father was innocent before they knew the nature of the charges against him, and they pledged themselves to rest neither day nor night until they had rescued him from his difficulty. When, under the influence of their genuine sympathy, Jasmine recovered some composure, Tu begged her to tell him of what her father was accused.

"The villain," said Jasmine, through her tears, "has

leaving, they begged me to follow them to consult as to the best means of helping you, and with them to depend on I have nothing to fear."

"I quite believe that you are as capable of managing the matter as anybody," said her father, admiringly; "but Peking is a long way off, and I cannot bear to think of the things which might happen to you on the road."

"From all time," answered Jasmine, "it has been considered the duty of a daughter to risk anything in the service of her father, and, though the way is long, I shall have weapons to defend myself with against injury, and a clear conscience with which to answer any interrogatories which may be put to me. Besides, I will take my messenger, 'The Dragon,' and his wife with me. I will make her dress as a man—what fun it will be to see Mrs. Dragon's portly form in trousers and gaberline! When that transformation is made we shall be a party of three men. So, you see, she and I will have a man to protect us and I shall have a woman to wait upon me; and if such a gallant company cannot travel from this to Peking in safety, I'll forswear boots and trousers and will retire into the harem for ever."

"Well," said her father, laughing, "if you can arrange in that way, go by all means, and the sooner you start the sooner I hope you will be back."

Delighted at having gained the approval of her father to her scheme, Jasmine quickly made the arrangements for her journey. On the morning of the day on which she was to start the results of the doctors' examination at Peking reached Mienchu, and to Jasmine's infinite delight, she found the names of Tu and Wei among the successful candidates. Armed with this good news, she hurried to the prison. All difficulties seemed to disappear like mist before the sun as she thought of the powerful advocates she now had at Peking.

"Tu and Wei have passed," she said, as she rushed into her father's presence, "and now the end of our troubles is approaching."

(To be continued.)

The London School Board on Thursday, May 12, resolved to commence the experiment of day industrial schools, in suitable districts, keeping the children at some useful work during the whole day, and sending them home at night.

Statistics of the number of Jews in this country show that there are 67,523 in London, and 23,676 in other parts of Great Britain and Ireland; of these, 23 per cent. are reckoned "poor," and half the poor are relieved by Jewish charities; their number was but slightly increased, in 1891, by the persecution in Russia.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Referring to the observations of Mr. Whymper on "mountain sickness," discussed in this column a week or two gone by, Dr. B. W. Richardson remarks in a note to me that he agrees with me in believing that the fluid of the spinal cord and brain is the probable seat of the effects which are experienced in ascending high elevations. Dr. Richardson has been kind enough also to send me a copy of his pamphlet on the "Cerebro-Spinal Axis as a Thermal Centre and Water Power." A perusal of this brochure shows in a most interesting fashion that the fluid to which I refer acts as a regulator of our nervous processes. In great activity of brain and spinal cord, when the water-tension of the nervous system is at its height, the pressure is reduced through the escape of the fluid into the veins. When the tension is reduced in the nervous centres, the fluid accumulates in the brain spaces and cord, and by its even pressure favours quietude and sleep. Again, in considering the question of varying external pressures, Dr. Richardson says that the "water-engine," to which the brain and spinal cord may be likened, is affected materially by atmospheric variations. In this sense, Mr. Whymper's researches are most interesting. Reduced pressure, in moderate degree, gives a freer expansion to the nerve centres; and high temperature without transpiration produces enfeebled tension. A moderately low temperature favours high tension, while a very low temperature tends towards complete cessation of action; in this way we can explain how extreme cold affects us. I recommend Dr. Richardson's views to the notice of physiologists; for, truth to tell, the influence of the fluid of the nervous system seems to have been greatly overlooked in most dissertations on this system of organs. It is, at least, news to most of us that our nervous acts are conducted on the principle illustrated in a self-regulating "water-engine."

A circular emanating from Dr. A. C. Oudemans, director of the Zoological Gardens at the Hague, informs the world at large that he contemplates the publication of a book on that "great unknown," the sea-serpent. His volume is to be written in English, which we may all be glad to hear, on Dr. Oudemans' authority, is "known to all navigators, as well as to all zoologists and other men of education." Reports of 166 appearances of the "Great Unknown" are to be given, with the opinions of scientific and non-scientific personages, and with the author's conclusions. Dr. Oudemans is convinced that there "must be one single animal species which has given rise to all the reports." I may be pardoned for making allusion to this forthcoming treatise, because in days of old I took considerable pains to collate sea-serpent stories, and to analyse them from the naturalist's point of view. Long before my time, the late Mr. P. H. Gosse had discussed the question of the reality of the sea-serpent, and had fallen back on the idea that the appearances detailed by sailors and others were best explained on the theory that there still existed in the sea depths some of those huge reptilian forms, like the Ichthyosauri, which since the middle period of geology everybody has regarded as having become extinct. The objection to Mr. Gosse's view was obvious. These big reptiles were lung-breathers, as are all other members of their class. Like the mammalian whales, they need to come to the surface now and then to breathe; so that it can hardly be believed their appearances would be quite so rare in number as are those of the "sea-serpent."

As regards Dr. Oudemans' view (if I read his words aright) that "there must be one single animal species which has given rise to all the reports," I am afraid he will have considerable difficulty in establishing his theory. For, if there is any one point clearer than another about "sea-serpent" stories and narratives, it is that no one animal can possibly have figured in them all. I recommend him to reconsider his idea solely in the interest of his proposed contribution to a very attractive subject. My own views are that a "sea-serpent," according to the latitude in which it is seen, and according to the special circumstances under which it is encountered, may mean one of many beasts and things. Thus, a flight of birds (e.g., shags) has been mistaken for a long serpentine animal undulating on the waves, and sun-fishes and porpoises gambolling in a line have more than once given to me the idea of one elongated animal creeping along at the surface. So, also, a big basking shark is not an unlikely representative of the "Great Unknown" and tape-fishes and ribbon-fishes certainly could easily be mistaken for serpentine animals. What is to hinder a big sea-snake in the Indian Ocean figuring as a sea-serpent—which it is?

But the most plausible notion of all is the big cuttle-fish theory. We know of squids (which are cousins of the octopus itself) measuring over forty feet long; and these big cuttle-fishes swim tall first along the surface, propelled by the water-jets from the "funnel," having their long arms (on the head) trailing after them, and giving exactly the appearance of the wash which follows in the wake of a serpentine animal. Besides, few people know the cuttle-fishes by sight, and these long creatures, rushing through the water and beheld at a distance of a mile or so away, may fitly give rise, I think, to the stories of sea-serpents which every now and then reach us. I am curious to know "the one single animal species" Dr. Oudemans has in view in writing his treatise. Were I tied to accept any one animal as the most frequent representative of a sea-serpent, I should unhesitatingly select the big squid—only I maintain no one animal can ever be selected by any competent zoologist as explanatory of all sea-serpent narratives alike. Meanwhile, let us wait patiently for Dr. Oudemans' book.

Recently I had brought under my notice a new invention, which I think should be made widely known in view of the sanitary benefits likely to accrue from its use. I refer to the braided-wire pillows, mattresses, and like articles which, I understand, are being introduced into this country by an American firm. The pillows I saw and examined are made of braided wire; they are perfectly resilient, accommodate themselves to every movement, and are, of course, always cool. The chief point to which public attention should be directed, I think, is the possibility of such an invention superseding the ordinary stuffed pillows and cushions, which, with the lapse of time, become loaded with dust and germs, saturated with perspiration, and demand—what they seldom get—thorough disinfection and cleansing. Do we ever think of the amount of dust and microbes which the stuffed cushions of a theatre, church, hall, or other public place absorb, with no speedy prospect, as far as I can judge, of cleansing and renewal? If managers and others would only fit their seats with the braided-wire cushions I saw, not only would they be much more comfortable, but, what is more to the point, much more healthy. Railway carriage seats, too, get, in course of time, most uncomfortable, as every traveller knows. Fitted with the wire cushions and wire padding, railway seats (and those of carriages as well) would be always shapely and practically indestructible.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

Of the pictures which make up the summer exhibition at the New Gallery several typical specimens were recently given. With the exception of the portraits by Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Alma-Tadema, there are no works of very striking importance, while the absence of Mr. Burne-Jones leaves a blank which no other artist has even essayed to conceal. Mr. Denholm Armour's "Study of a Bull-Fight" (204) is, perhaps, the most distinctly fresh and attractive work, and he has succeeded to a very great degree in conveying a sense of the movement and brilliancy of an Andalusian bull-ring and its least cruel and repulsive features. Mr. Watts's imaginative work "Sic Transit" (77) is one of those "moralities" to which he devotes his art with increasing attention. It represents a dead warrior on his bier. Around him lie scattered on the ground the plumed helmet, the unstrung mandoline, the laurel crown—the objects of his stirring life. As an instance of Mr. Watts's subdued colouring, the picture is most interesting, but its moral is a trifle trite, and scarcely needed the elaborate treatment it has received. His bright little picture of the "Cupid Afloat"

late President of the Royal Society; Mr. G. H. Boughton's expressive head of Miss Phillips (162); and a very refined study of "A Girl of Saracinesca" (27) by Miss Lisa Stillman, which for simple, unpretentious, and yet effective work is almost without a rival in the exhibition. Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton's work has also improved in a very noteworthy way; her portrait of Mr. W. Craies's child—of which a reproduction is given on the present occasion—is full of vivacity and childlike grace, and combines with facial resemblance the more often absent qualities of an artistic composition. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Henry Irving all obtain from various artists the honour of portraiture, but it may be questioned whether their fame will be in any way increased or perpetuated by these well-intended tributes.

Among the figure-subjects, Mr. Albert Moore's "Revery" (101) represents a seated figure, on which he has lavished more than usual pains, and has produced a decorative work of a very high order. The delicate manipulation of the grey and saffron which predominate in the drapery is another striking instance of Mr. Albert Moore's refined sense of colour; and, although the inlaid ivorywork of the chair and the tessellated

as are shown in his "Dreaming" (22) and "A Silent Greeting" (15). Pictures such as Mr. Fernand Knopff's "I Look my Door Upon Myself" (78) and Mr. A. Macgregor's "Mirrors of Time" (116) are beyond the reach of ordinary understanding—either as allegories or works of art—and only provoke wonder as to the reason for their admission. But, unfortunately, this wonderment extends to three or four score other pictures, of which the meaning may be more intelligible, but the execution equally unworthy of an exhibition which aims at maintaining the high standard with which the New Gallery started.

The landscape painters, however, as a rule do much to give strength to the present collection. Mr. Alfred Parsons's treatment of "Spring" (6), just calling to life the roses which carpet a sheltered dell; Mr. Edward Stott's "Summer" (86) in an orchard full of trees, through whose thick foliage the morning sun is struggling; Miss Stewart Wood's "Autumn" (58), with the reedy brook full of grey water reflecting the greyer sky, and Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Patient Toil" (56) on the sullen winter's day are in their several ways truthful, and at the same time poetic renderings of the seasons. Mr. W. Padgett is another artist who has a fine sense of the poetry of nature, as shown in his "Moonrise o'er the Marshes" (148); while Mr.



AGATHONIKE, DAUGHTER OF W. CRAIES, ESQ.—BY MRS. A. L. SWYNNERTON.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE NEW GALLERY EXHIBITION

(24) is in every way more pleasing, and proves that his sense of delicate colouring is in no way dimmed by advancing years; but his portrait of Mr. Walter Crane (53), in a brown shooting-coat, is, however, his most successful work, and shows how much Mr. Watts can think into a face which attracts him. In this respect it is in curious contrast with Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait of the pianist Paderewski, whose expressive face only needs faithful reproduction to awaken our interest, and its singularly attractive qualities are shown by the readiness of H. R. H. Princess Louise to devote her time to their study (239). Mr. J. J. Shannon's best full-length portrait of the year is also to be found at the New Gallery—that of Mrs. George Hitchcock (258) in a black gauze dress, painted with a *brin* seldom found among English portraitists; although some may hold that the seated figure of Miss Wordsworth (99), the Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, is entitled to the first place among Mr. Shannon's work of the year. The best thing that can be said of the latter is that it is a worthy companion to the same artist's portrait of the late Miss Clough (of Cambridge fame), which was exhibited here a year or two ago.

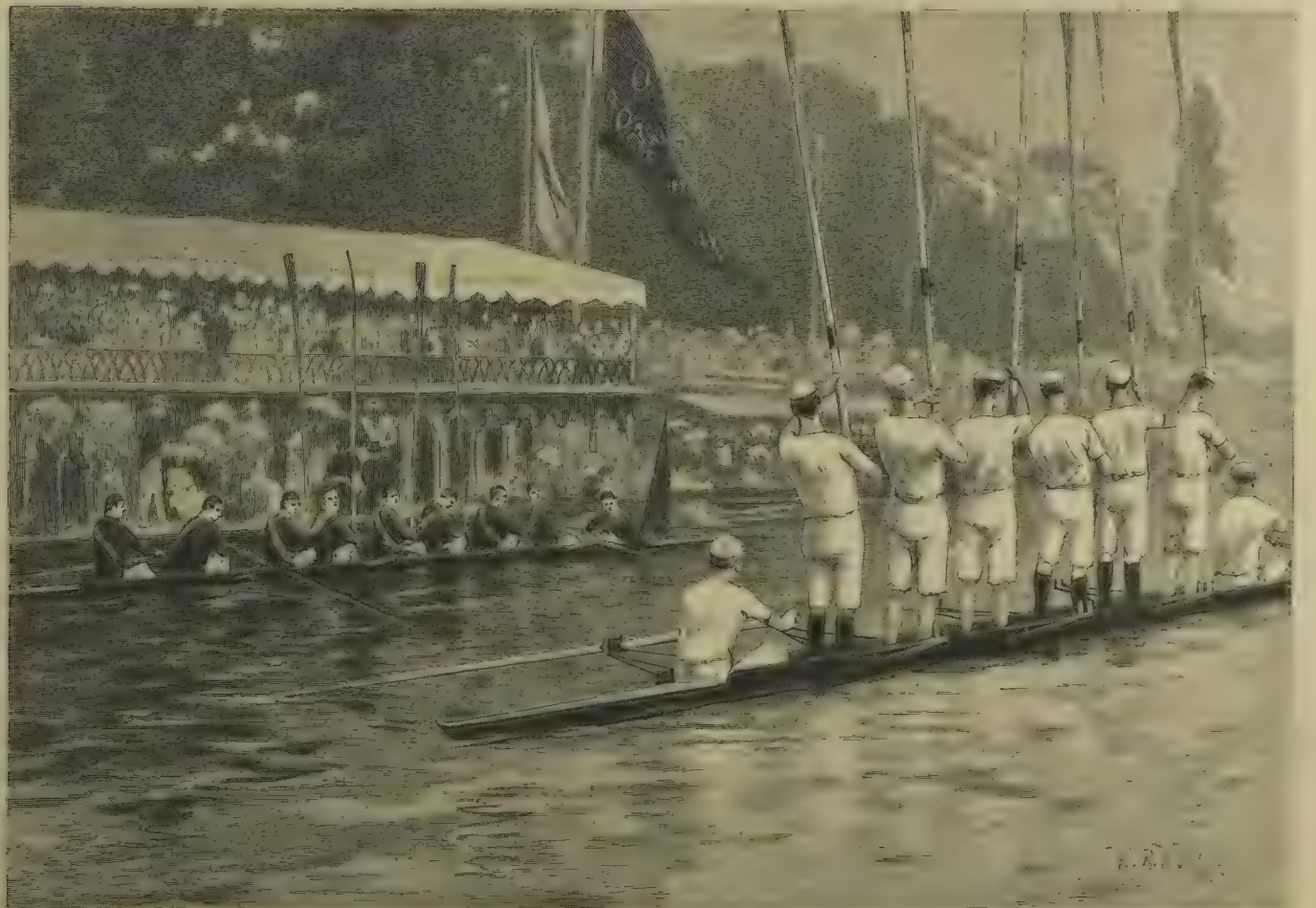
Of the other portraits, the most successful and noteworthy are those by Mr. W. B. Richmond, especially the half-length figure of Archdeacon Wilson (48), better known as the Head Master of Clifton College; those by Mr. Herkimer of Professor Mayor of Cambridge (185) and Sir George Stokes, M.P. (181),

flooding break the swing of the lines in the picture, a general sense of harmony is preserved. One can only regret that the artist should not show his power and taste in some different phase instead of repeating himself from year to year in a scarcely varied treatment of the same theme. Mr. John Collier's rendering of "Gretchen" (140) differs altogether from the ordinary reading of Goethe's heroine, and suggests the idea of an experienced young lady duly appreciating the value of the jewels she finds in her chamber. Mr. Collier does not fulfil, as time goes on, the expectations which were formed of his powers when he first came into notice. His art seems to have remained stationary, and to receive no fresh impulse from external influences or self-development. Sir John Millais' "Sweet Emma Moreland" (69) is one of the numerous character portraits which he is fond of painting, but on the present occasion the hard, fleshy face shows signs not only of hasty work, but of lessened sympathy with refinement and beauty. Mr. Poynter's finished study for his picture in the Royal Academy, "When the World was Young" (10), shows some effective colouring, and the lines of the figures are not so hard or the shadows so black as in his single figure of a girl in a spotted meelin dress, entitled "White Roses" (18); and one cannot help feeling to what extent this phase of pseudo-classic art is due to Mr. Alma-Tadema, who can manufacture apparently with even greater mechanical precision such effects

Boughton gives us a more prosaic but not less familiar phase of our climate, "An East Wind" (188). Mr. R. W. Macbeth tries a more difficult problem, and in his "Cub-Hunting in West Somerset" (272) not only transcribes faithfully the rich scenery of the district, but introduces the front view of a group of horsemen and dogs galloping downhill, and it must be admitted that he has solved the problem with extraordinary skill. Mr. Alfred East's "Dawn" (279), Mr. Edgar C. Willis's "When the Tide is Down" (259), Professor Costa's two Italian landscapes (17 and 240), Mr. David Murray's "Gathering Mists" (91), Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "Evening" (128), Mr. J. W. North's "End of Winter" (136), and Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Autumn Solitude" (158) are all well worthy of attention. But the two most noteworthy exhibits are Mr. Denovan Adams's "Glory of a Dying Day" (160), in which the shadow thrown by the setting sun cuts the picture into two parts—one in glory and the other in twilight—and Mr. David Murray's "Hampshire Haying" (175), a stormy reminiscence of last summer's deceptions—conceived in the spirit of Constable's best work—and perhaps the best study of atmosphere in this year's exhibition. It is by giving prominence to works of this value, and encouragement to the younger men who are aiming at something more than passing notoriety, that the New Gallery will best fulfil the intentions of the promoters and the hopes of the public.



THE START.



SALUTING THE HEAD BOAT.

THE MAY RACES AT OXFORD.

## LITERATURE.

PAUL SCARRON.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

When Tom Jones had finished the bottle, and was minded (once in a way) to read a book, Partridge offered to lend him a small instalment of what Partridge's generation doubtless reckoned the Hundred Best: "a great part of Stowe's 'Chronicle,' the sixth volume of Pope's Homer, the third volume of the 'Spectator,' the second volume of Echeard's 'Roman History,' 'The Craftsman,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' Thomas à Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown's Works." "Those last," cried Jones, "are books I never saw, so, if you please, lend me one of those volumes." The barber assured him he would be highly entertained, for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation produced.

Many of us, I suspect, are in Jones's case. Tom Brown's works are books we never saw. And of Tom Brown himself, few of us, perhaps, have ever heard. We may have read "Tom Brown at Oxford," by Mr. Thomas Hughes. But that was a very different person from Partridge's Tom Brown, who was, indeed, at Oxford in his day, but, being a less orderly undergraduate than Mr. Hughes's somewhat priggish hero, had the misfortune to be, in the official phrase, rusticated, or, in local dialect, sent down, or, in plain English, expelled. Nowadays, you can get sent down from Oxford for the merest peccadillo, for screwing up a Junior Proctor, or for throwing a pail of water (all in the way of kindness) over a Socialist lecturer. It was not so in Tom Brown's time, the time when Oxford, like Jamshyd, gloried and drank deep. You had to do something really wicked to be sent down then—and Tom Brown did it. Nevertheless he lived to earn the good opinion of Partridge—a *testament* which in all probability Tom Brown would have esteemed more highly than the one he failed to get from the examiners in *literis humanioribus*. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, the publishers, are of Partridge's mind. They think Tom Brown worth knowing. Therefore they have reprinted, in two handsome volumes, "The Comical Romance and Other Tales," by Paul Scarron, done into English by Tom Brown, of Shifnal, from the edition of 1700, with an introduction by M. J. J. Jusserand.

Brown's version of Scarron is what it professes to be—a translation. It is literal—naïvely literal—even Englishing the proper names. M. L'Étoile and M. Destin become Mr. Star and Mr. Destiny. But that is only the excess of a virtue. With all its literalness, it contrives to be racy, idiomatic, even John Bullish: it is a translation worthy of the seventeenth century—a century of fine translations, the century of Florio's Montaigne, of Shelton's "Don Quixote," of Jeremy Collier's Marcus Aurelius. It had been preceded by another English version of Scarron, in which the French author, like so many French authors in our own time, had undergone the indignity of "adaptation." This was "Scarron's comical romance; or a facetious history of a company of strolling stage-players, interwoven with divers choice novels, rare adventures, and amorous intrigues. . . by the famous and witty poet Scarron" (1676). The anonymous author of this outrage was so sturdily a patriot that, not content with substituting "London" and "England" for Scarron's "Paris" and "France," he insisted on ascribing to Scarron's French poet an intimate knowledge of Englishmen of letters. "And above all the rest, the poet was tearing his throat with telling them he had seen Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Corneille, had drunk many a quart with Saint Amant, Davenant, Shirley, and Bayes; and lost good friends by the death of Rotron, Denham, and Cowley." Brown was a sad dog, but he never did anything quite so disreputable as this. If the anonymous mistranslator of 1676 was ever sent down, it must, I feel sure, have been from Cambridge.

But that, as the practical politicians say when they wish to hurt their opponents' feelings, is a purely academic question. Our concern is with the author whom Brown translated, "the famous and witty poet Scarron." M. Jusserand has as high an opinion of his countryman as Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen share with Partridge about theirs. He would even like, he says, to see Scarron's plays, "Jodelet, ou le Maître-Valet" and "Don Japhet" revived—at M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre, I suppose, for their language is hardly suitable for any but the most free (and easy) theatre.

The playwright was far more interesting than the plays. He was one of the heroic invalids of literature. He was of the company of the Heines. A Heine, say, with a dash of Pope and a spice of Miss Mowcher. He compared his own poor distorted body to the letter Z. He was always cracking jokes about his infirmities—when he was not meditating suicide. "Je vous jure, mon cher ami," he wrote to Margivry, "que s'il m'était permis de me supprimer moi-même, il y a longtemps que je me serais empoisonné." He tried all the quick remedies of his day, from the "gold cure" (now revived, it seems, in the United States for the benefit of dipsomaniacs) to tripe-baths. But, in the end, he admitted that the only thing which gave him permanent relief was profane swearing. That, and the particular sort of conversation which Sir Robert Walpole said was the only one in which everybody could join. When the swearing and the conversation became too hot, his spouse—afterwards Madame de Maintenon—would leave the room. But she made him an excellent wife: she even corrected his proofs. For that rare piece of wifely devotion one can forgive her subsequent sins; nay, her subsequent religiosity.

Scarron did not know what his life-long malady was, and nobody could tell him—for, poor fellow! he lived in the days of the Pargons and the Diaforinses. It has been reserved for M. Jusserand, or, rather, for one of his correspondents, Professor Lannelongue, to clear up the mystery. Scarron, the Professor says, must have suffered from Pott's disease. One is comforted to think Scarron never knew what his malady was called.

That this paralytic human Z should have produced a book like the "Roman Comique," which is simply brimming over with high spirits, good humour, and a boisterous Pantagruelism, reminds us, among other things, that Mother Nature anticipated Mr. Oscar Wilde in the invention of startling paradoxes. It is far easier to extract sunshine from this book than from cucumbers. One immense advantage it has over the other famous Odyssey of the strolling player—Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse"—it is not a fantastic romance. It is a novel of real life—French provincial life in the early seventeenth century—is, in fact, what M. Zola would call a "document." A M. Chardon, who inhabits Scarron's own town of Le Mans, has recently shown that its personages are all portraits, copied from the strolling company, not of Molière, as was long taken for granted, but of a rival showman, one Filandre. Its manliness, its straightforward style, as well as its abundance of rough-and-ready adventures at inns and grotesque night-pieces, remind one of Fielding. Partridge's volumes of Tom Brown's Works most undoubtedly have included "The Comical Romance," by Paul Scarron, done into English.

## NEW FRAGMENTS.

*New Fragments.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. (Longmans.)—The disentanglement of articles from the limbo of old magazines can be justified only when the articles are of permanent value. As to what is permanent, opinions will differ. Time, the true assessor of the work of man, can alone deliver the abiding verdict; but, as illustration, we may instance such papers which not only made a profound impression at the time of their appearance, but which have given direction and force to the subjects of which they treat. As examples, we may cite Professor Max Müller's essay on "Comparative Mythology," reprinted in his "Chips"; Professor Huxley's essay on the "Physical Basis of Life," reprinted in his "Lay Sermons"; and Professor Tyndall's " Belfast Address," reprinted in his "Fragments of Science." The larger number of republished serial papers supply no want, save of the commercial kind, and this is akin to that created by the imagination of altruistic promoters of companies in offering their wares to a selfish public. Venerable and honoured as is the name on the title-page of these collected papers as of one who has "brought forth things new and old" from the treasure-house of natural philosophy, we cannot point to any one of the contents which complies with the canon laid down above, with the exception of the valuable summary of Cornet's investigations into the origin and mode of the propagation of pithitis, and even this would have been more serviceable issued in cheap pamphlet form.

The book, by its title, naturally invites comparison with its predecessor; and certainly the "old is better." But that contained the memorable address just spoken of, and also the brilliant attacks upon the old-fashioned lines so stubbornly defended by Drs. Mozley and Martineau, by the one on behalf of miracles, and by the other on behalf of the intellectual and spiritual nature of man as outside the operation of evolution, till their rhetoric was silenced by the artillery of logic. Therefore, in contrast to the "vigour and rigour" of these polemical but withal—and herein lies their value—constructive papers, the contents of the present volume are tame. They are but an aftermath, thin in yield and substance. Still, Professor Tyndall has given enough of variety for both literary and scientific gleaners. As Emeritus Professor, he fitly records the life-work of two eminent founders of the Royal Institution—Count Rumford, a pioneer of the established theory that heat is a form of motion; and Thomas Young, whose researches were the key to the undulatory theory of light. But a more important biographical paper is that on Louis Pasteur, whose services to man and beast and plant are unexampled. The "sicknesses" which wine and beer undergo, the silkworm disease, which had wellnigh exterminated a valuable industry; fowl-cholera, anthrax in sheep, rabies and hydrophobia, have all been mitigated or vanquished by that humane and distinguished chemist.

To these memoirs there is added an autobiographical sketch in the form of an address to the Birkbeck Institution, which gives us an agreeable picture of a cultured and sympathetic mind. One or two popularly written papers on atoms and water are sandwiched between a somewhat belated article on the Sabbath and personal reminiscences of Carlyle, about whom further material has become superfluous since the publication of Dr. Garnett's compact and masterly biography.

## GREEK ARCHEOLOGY.

*A Handbook of Greek Archaeology.* By A. S. Murray, LL.D., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum. (John Murray.)—The general desire of high intellectual "culture," which has now taken possession of so many young Englishwomen, favoured by the examples at the Ladies' Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, is notably directed towards Greek studies. It is observable that this pursuit, in their case, is apt to diverge from the customary lines of masculine University scholarship; from precise grammatical analysis, from the philosophical arguments of the Greek States, and from the intellectual "culture" of the Greek States, and speculations of Plato, it turns rather to the types of Greek artistic fancy, and to all the mythological lore, presented also by Homer and the tragic dramatists, from which sculptors and painters drew their majestic themes. The tendency is natural, but may too easily run to excess without the moderating presence of thorough historical investigation and of Aristotelian logic; so as to result in a mere barren connoisseurship, at best a learned taste for art curiosities and antiquities having little ethical significance, like the Japanese ware or the manufactures of China and India. Nevertheless, since accurate knowledge of any subject is always worth having—though we demur to the comprehensive title of "Greek Archaeology" being applied exclusively to the examination of statuary, vases, engraved gems, and designs or inscriptions cut on marble or metal—the fair students now frequenting our museums, with Pausanias or Pliny the Elder in their hands, or with the latest treatise by a theorising German Professor, merit our sincere respect. They will surely feel much indebted to Dr. Andrew Murray, one of the soundest and safest guides to this kind of antiquarian research, for the volume that he has prepared on the basis of his lectures delivered in 1887 at Edinburgh, combined with the most exact accounts and the most approved conjectures furnished by German and English discoveries in Greece and in the Greek colonies, and by the inspection of Greek works of art found in Etruria or elsewhere during the past thirty years. This book shows, concisely and methodically, to what degree and with what development of styles and fashions, both in conception and in executive skill, the Greeks attained high excellence as artists, becoming ultimately, when they had lost their national independence, the art-manufacturers of the Roman world. Pottery, gem-engraving, cameos, seals, work in glass, bronze, or gold, incised designs on bronze, terra-cotta, vase-painting, fresco-paintings and other mural decorations, occupy as much space as the grandest sculpture which embodied the noblest ideal forms of Olympian divinities and heroes of poetic fable.

It would, indeed, seem needful, with a view to the history of typical figures and groups, that the more antique vases and gems should be compared with statues and sculptures in relief belonging to the best classical period; and Dr. Murray's general estimate of the latter, while entirely sober in tone, indicates their matchless superiority with due emphasis as objects of perpetual admiration. Still, there may to some minds, enraptured by forms of ideal beauty, appear to be an embarrassing mixture of different sources of interest when the relics of the Parthenon, or the creations of Praxiteles, are described as links in a vast and diversified art-history, beginning with rude archaic quaintness, and ending in the pretty repetitions of designs that served for luxurious ornament in later ages. What one misses in this line of study is the living force of Greek patriotism, faith in its race, faith in the truths and virtues once associated with much of its religion, and faith in its old ideal of social and civic life. It is from literature and history, rather than from a minute scrutiny of all the collections in museums, that the glory of Greece is revealed. Dr. Murray's treatise, with its numerous illustrations, is a very useful and acceptable work.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

A singular literary coincidence has unfolded itself in a letter from Mrs. Humphry Ward to the *Athenæum*. Readers of "David Grieve" will remember Paul Barbier, the French teacher in Manchester. M. Paul Barbier, of University College, Cardiff, writes to the author to say that he was once a master at the Manchester Grammar School, but does not sympathise with some of the opinions of her Paul Barbier. Mrs. Ward tells us that she had no idea that any real person of such a name had ever taught French in Manchester, and M. Barbier will doubtless be satisfied.

In a letter written by Wordsworth to John Wilson ("Christopher North"), about 1810, and before the two men had met, printed in the "Prose Works," ii. 211, he says: "What false notions have prevailed from generation to generation of the true character of the Nightingale! As far as my Friend's poem in the 'Lyrical Ballads' is read it will contribute greatly to rectify them." Of course he is referring to Coleridge's well-known lines in "The Nightingale; a Conversation Poem," in which he protests against Milton's epithet "most musical, most melancholy." "Tis the merry nightingale," says Coleridge. Wordsworth goes on—"You will recollect a passage in Cowper where, speaking of rural sounds, he says—

[The jay, the pie] and even the howling owl  
That haunts the rising moon has [have] charms for me.

Cowper was passionately fond of natural objects, yet you see he mentions it as a marvellous thing that he should connect pleasure with the cry of the owl.

The lines are to be found in "The Sofa," but Wordsworth must have forgotten the context, and so unwittingly done Cowper an injustice. For Cowper goes on to account for his satisfaction in listening to harsh tones in Nature's symphonies—

Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
Yet heard in voices where peace forever reigns,  
And only there please highly for their sakes.

Wordsworth said much the same thing in "The Recluse"—alluding to the effect of the eagle's scream heard in solitary places—for the eagle's cry is "inharmonious in itself and harsh," even when it comes, as so often to Wordsworth's ear, as a "wail."

What want we? Have we not perpetual strains

. . . and the voice of lonely birds, an unexpected sound  
Heard now and then from men too latest even,  
Almondshells the man who walks before,  
Of solitude and silence in the sky?

And Wordsworth's references to the raven's croak are all conceived in the same spirit—as making silence audible. Both Wordsworth and his sister considered the owl's note as positively melodious.

Most readers of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" remember "the poet" who, during the excursion to the Holy Land, loses no opportunity of breaking into doggerel verse, of which the chronicler gives one satisfying sample—

Save us and sanctify us, and finally then  
See good provisions we enjoy while we journey to Jerusalem,  
For so man proposes, which is most true,  
And time will wait for none, nor for us too.

The general opinion has probably been that this poet was a humorous creation, an exemplification of Mr. Oscar Wilde's definition of a work of art as a beautiful untrue thing. But, if this has been so, public opinion has been wrong, for the sweet singer of the Quaker City does, or did, exist in the flesh. Some time ago a haunter of the bookshops discovered in an obscure corner of one of them a thickish volume bearing the imprints of Messrs. Tibbals and Sons, of New York, and entitled "The Long Island Farmer's Poems: Lines Written on the Quaker City Excursion to Palestine; and Other Poems," by Bloodgood H. Cutter. A very brief examination satisfied the explorer that there was no possible doubt as to the identity of Mr. Cutter with the namesake poet. As the bulk of the book seemed to have been fairly sampled by Mark Twain's single quotation, it need hardly be added that the whole was too monotonously bad to be even amusing; but the discovery of the "poet's" flesh-and-blood existence was a "find" which is, perhaps, worth a record.

Messrs. Bentley have in the press a library edition of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which is being edited by Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and will be published next October. Mrs. Bond is the eldest daughter of Mr. Barham, the famous author of the legends, and Mr. Bond is well known as for many years principal librarian of the British Museum. The edition will be in three volumes octavo, and will contain reminiscences of her father by Mrs. Bond. The history of the legends will be given, and the illustrations of Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel, &c.

The admirers of Mr. Stevenson's tale of "Kidnapped" will hear with pleasure, says the *Athenæum*, that he is busy on its long-promised sequel. The new volume will be called, after the name of the hero, "David Balfour," and will appear, in all probability, before the close of the present year. K.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Australian Essays," by Francis Adams. (Griffith and Farran.)
- "A Book about the Garden and the Gardener," by S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Edward Arnold.)
- "The Byzantine Empire." By G. W. C. Oman. *Story of the Nations Series.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper." (John Wilkins of Stanstead, Essex.) Edited by Arthur H. Hyug and Stephen M. Stephens. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." Edited by Austin Dobson. *Chitchee Press Edition.* (Whittingham and Co., Took's Court, Chancery Lane.)
- "Born in Exile," by O. Gissing. Three vols. (A. and C. Black.)
- "Studies in Scottish History, chiefly Ecclesiastical," by A. Taylor Innes. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- "Questions of Faith and Duty," by the Right Rev. Anthony W. Thorold, Lord Bishop of Winchester. (Isbister and Co.)
- "Miss Falkland," by Clementina Black. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "Seventeenth Century Lyrics," edited by George Saintsbury. *Pocket Library.* (Percival and Co.)
- "Walt Whitman," by William Clarke. *Dilettante Library.* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)
- "The Sisters, a Tragedy," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "Three Hundred and Sixty-Six Dinners." Suggested by M. E. N. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "Popular Studies of the Nineteenth Century Poets," by J. Marshall Mather. (F. Warne and Co.)
- "Lady Bountiful: a Story of Years." A Play in Four Acts, by Arthur W. Pinero. (W. Heinemann.)
- "A Faithful Lover," by Katharine S. Macquoid. New and revised edition. Two vols. (H. D. Innes and Co.)

THE SHELLEY MONUMENTS.

BY DR. GARNETT.

The three monuments which we engrave this week exemplify in the most satisfactory manner two most satisfactory things—the revival of English sculpture and the ascent of the fame of Shelley. The former is not as yet so widely acknowledged as it ought to be; the latter is notorious. Moore thought he was doing handsomely by Shelley when he called his life and poetry "a bright erroneous dream," and, judging by the standard of his time, so he was. Now hardly any competent judge would dispute that Shelley stands with Wordsworth at the head of that incomparably brilliant band of poets whose productions occupy the interval from the dawning of Burns to the sunset of Byron. Some may place the one first, some the other, but one or the other it must undoubtedly be.

This progress is symbolised, and to a certain extent made visible, in the development of the modest grave-stone in the Roman cemetery, which Shelley and England owe to the pious care of Trelawny, through the monument in Christchurch Minster, due to the affection and munificence of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, into the magnificent memorial by Mr. Onslow Ford, due to the same munificence, which has received a national consecration by its acceptance by the oldest college of the oldest English University. The first monument is entirely private; the second only so far public as it is placed in a public building; the third is as much a national possession as the edifice of University College itself. The execution of the works corresponds to their importance. The grave-stone is rightly distinguished by the most perfect simplicity. Mr. Weekes's monument in Christchurch Minster is an excellent work for the period—1851. The impassioned figure of Mary Shelley is, indeed, an admirable piece of sculpture, so admirable as to be open to the criticism that it occupies the first place instead of the second. The despair of the living personage affects the spectator more powerfully than the painless repose of the unconscious clay by which it is called forth. If the corpse of Shelley were entirely removed, the imagination could supply it. Mary Shelley's attitude would

Such an achievement required powerful imagination, refined delicacy—above all, an entire penetration with the subject. Of all these Mr. Onslow Ford has given abundant proof. The technical merit of his work, extraordinary as it is and highly appreciated by artists, seems secondary in comparison with the atmosphere of thought and feeling enveloping it. Partly on this account, partly from the nature of the composition, it is a work which it is exceedingly difficult to repre-

still avoids trenching on the province of pictorial art. In works of disciples of mediæval art such as Mr. Tinworth—this pictorial element is entirely laudable, but it would be fatal to an idealist like Mr. Onslow Ford. Both schools—the Anglo-Mediæval and the Anglo-Classic—appear to be in a thoroughly healthy condition, and England may congratulate herself upon a revival of plastic art, which has owed nothing to fashion, nothing to patronage, but everything to the precepts of a few men of taste, and the inspiration of a few men of genius.

A German physician, Dr. Wiederhold, director of a medical establishment for the cure of nervous diseases at Wilhelmshöhe, Cassel, has been condemned to three months' imprisonment for cruelty to a lady patient, Frau Zachmann—beating her with a stick and a whip as she lay screaming in her bed.

The funeral of M. Véry, the restaurateur of the Boulevard de Magenta in Paris, who died of his injuries from the dynamite explosion on the eve of the trial of the Anarchist Ravachol, took place on May 13, in the Père la Chaise Cemetery. The French Prime Minister, M. Loubet, and M. Santon, President of the Municipal Council, delivered speeches at the grave. Ravachol has been sent to St. Etienne, to be tried for the Chambles murder.

The final council meeting, with the committee and guarantors, of last year's Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea was held on May 13, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales. It was reported that the total receipts were £155,447, and the expenses £108,437, leaving a balance in hand of £47,000, improved by its investment. This sum of money is devoted to the relief fund for orphans and widows of seamen and marines dying in the naval service.

The London University held its presentation day on Wednesday, May 11, when the Earl of Derby presided as Chancellor, succeeding the late Earl Granville; and the Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Lubbock, stated that the number of candidates has steadily increased, being 5187 in the past year.

There is a special advance in the science schools. Both Lord Derby and Sir John Lubbock referred to the proposed second University in London, and said they could not regret the failure of the scheme which had been framed, as the matter required some further consideration.

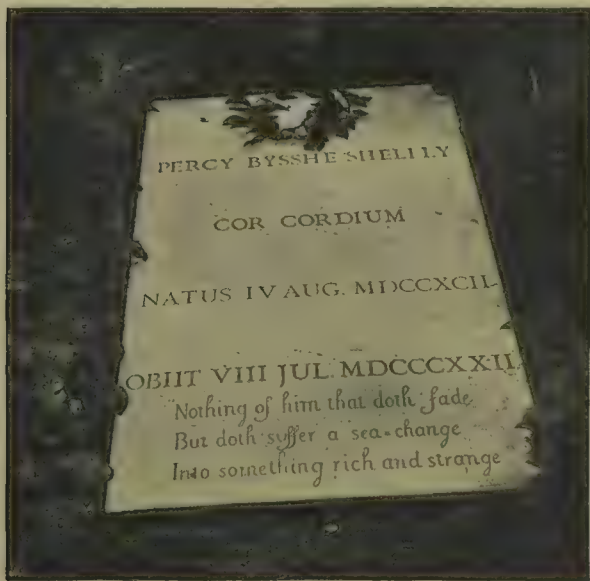
The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Bill for the extension to London, with the proposed terminus at St. John's Wood, north-west of Regent's Park, was read a third time and passed in the House of Commons, on Thursday,



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL (PRESENTED TO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD).

BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

sent by engraving or photography. Fortunately, its home will be in a city already a place of pilgrimage to cultivated Englishmen, and the authorities of University College will, no doubt, extend to the visitor the welcome which they have given to the work. The necessity of protecting it from the weather will, we understand, be met by the erection of an appropriate shrine from the design of Mr. Basil Champneys.



TOMB OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, IN THE PROTESTANT BURIAL-GROUND, ROME.

tell its story, and she would remain a tragic and impressive figure still. Mr. Onslow Ford's mourning Muse, on the other hand, is what she ought to be, an accessory. The effigy of Shelley dominates the composition; remove this, and the mourner is nothing. In her relation to the principal figure she is perfect; she seems less Urania lamenting her son than the embodiment of the spectator's own unutterable feeling.

Mr. Ford's monument is especially gratifying as an index to the progress of English sculpture. Not long ago no such performance could have been expected; now Mr. Ford is by no means the only English artist who could have been relied on as equal to the exigencies of such an occasion as this. The decorous feebleness which used to characterise English sculpture has to a great extent given way to a vigour which



THE DEAD SHELLEY.

MONUMENT BY H. WEEKES, R.A., IN CHRISTCHURCH MINSTER, HANTS.

May 12. The Metropolitan Railway, in connection with this scheme, undertakes to run workmen's trains from June 1 at the rate of twopence for five miles, return ticket fare, to the distance of fifteen miles.

A colliery gas explosion, on May 10, at the Roslyn mine, in the Northern Pacific States of America, killed forty-eight men and boys, some of whom were negroes; only three of those at work in the mine escaped.



THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

SCENE IN THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM AFTER PRESENTATION.



# BERLIN

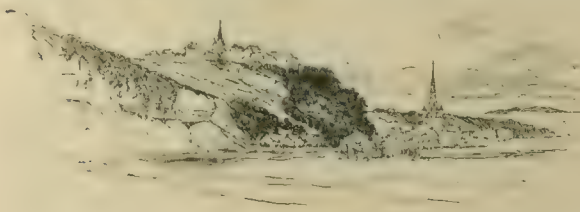
## T<sup>O</sup> BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

II.

Helchenbach, which we reached early in the morning of the third day in time for a good shower, was quite the prettiest little town we had as yet come to, with its long street of white and black timbered houses, some with carving, others with inscriptions for ornament, and all with fine big roofs. There were just enough trees in front, just enough flowers in the windows, to give the necessary touch of colour, and the wicker carts and the white cows driven by peasants in blouses, supplied, as the well-trained art critic would say, the human interest to the picture.

The whole story of that third day out is told when I say that it was spent in climbing hills and trying to dodge showers. But only the cyclist, I think, really knows what an intense pleasure is to be had in a hilly country which more than repays the toil and tediousness of pushing one's machine over the long up-grades. We had now in good earnest come to the mountains our Cologne friend had feelingly warned us against, and all day we were looking off from high places over near hillsides of clover and wheat to far misty heights, like blue shadows on the horizon; and if it rained, it only helped us to see more of the people we were beginning to like so well. For one down-pour sent us into a country hotel, where large, blonde gentlemen were disporting themselves in those strange double-breasted light green coats with darker green trimmings, a cross between a military uniform and a smoking jacket, which the Englishman or American would never have sufficient childlike simplicity to wear; and a second drove us into a tiny village inn, where the black bread and beer seemed the most delicious meal I had ever eaten, and where the landlady



BATTENBERG.

mending stockings, and a neighbour with a baby, and a stray carter sat and talked with us and told us about their many friends and relations in America.

Only the last rain of all I resented; after we left the little inn and our friends there, we were speedily caught in another storm. But then the sun came out and dried us off comfortably, and I emptied the puddles out of my macintoshes and put it away. The hill country, with its great stretches of rich woodland, was getting more beautiful every kilometre; there was an effective rainbow, and the whole land was golden in the late afternoon light, when a turn in the road, now running between orchards, showed us Battenberg, picturesquely set upon a hilltop of its own. If J— had not stopped to make a sketch, perhaps things might still have gone well with us; as it was, just as we reached the first houses facing its hilly street the heavens opened and emptied themselves upon us. It was a short walk to the hotel, but by the time we reached it we were drenched to the skin. It would be more discreet not to describe the costumes in which, in our own bedroom and by the light of a most pretentious lamp, we ate our beefsteak and the poached egg which the German thinks as indispensable an accompaniment to it as in the English mind green peas are to duck.

I do not know why it should be thought petty-minded to talk about the dinners and breakfasts eaten on a journey and the prices paid for them. What could be more instructive to the traveller than the comparative study of dinners and bills? Does not the fact that in France you can eat and drink better for less money than in any other civilised land explain the Frenchman's whole theory of life? I would not, therefore, do justice to the little town of Battenberg if I did not say that in the morning we paid just six marks—that is, six shillings—for our room, the best in the best hotel in the place—and if pigs grunted vigorously below our window it was the neighbours' fault, not the proprietor's—for our two excellent suppers eaten by the light of that pretentious lamp, and for our morning's coffee, to which a considerate landlady had added jam. Besides, our clothes had been carefully dried and brushed, and even mended. If this was what the German from Manchester called cheating the foreigner, why, then, even we could afford to be cheated!

It was raining when we got up; the little maid said, with resignation, that it always rained in Battenberg, and we had no reason to doubt her word. However, the sun came out in time to give us a chance to walk, dry and clean, through the town, which looks like a page out of a German picture-book, with its big gabled roof-houses running up and down a straggling street. It is seen at its finest from the river winding through the broad pasture-land below, for on this side its hill, well wooded, rises quite abruptly, and Battenberg is perched on the very summit.

One of the good points of cycling is that it seems more delightful the longer one rides. Since it is the fashion nowadays to take the public into one's confidence about the most personal trifles, I will confess that I am never quite in the humour for it when I start on a long cycling journey. The worst of civilisation is that it fills one with civilised prejudices—against living in one's knapsack, for example. But once on the road, the old love of wandering and adventure asserts itself; the old love of motion, of going over a fair road under the open sky, comes back with full force. And now with every day I was feeling more and more at home on my bicycle, which was fast overcoming its unprincipled waywardness. But the pleasure I took in my riding was absolutely nothing to the pleasure it gave to others. A circus parade, a Lord Mayor's Show, was never a greater success as a spectacle. That familiar loud laugh, rude and boisterous as the London rough's, followed me wherever I went. When, while J— rode easily and gaily yards ahead, I was bent double working on a slight up-grade, or when the rain was flowing in little streams from my hat, and the mud was spurting in little gusts over my skirts, then it irritated me beyond words. But when I was conscious of riding my best, and the road was good, and my heart light, I could afford to laugh in my turn. Indeed, it made me feel somehow as if I were the very incarnation of altruism, and had brought my bicycle to Germany for no other reason than to please the peasants and children. I thought of applying to Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Barnett, and taking out a patent as a perambulating Palace of Delight; for, if amusement is what is needed to lighten the people's life of toil, then certainly I was of far more use to them than St. Jude's School-house, or even the big palace in the Mile-End Road.

As my capacity for enjoyment increased, there seemed to be more by the way to enjoy. Now in the villages there was a touch of costume in the bodies of the women, while the towns through which we passed were as picturesque and full of character as the German cities of our imagination. We were less enthusiastic about Battenberg when we came in an hour or so to Frankenberg. It, too, had its hill; but here the top, an Alpine-like path leading to it, was crowned by a lovely old church and chapel, with proportions as graceful and perfect as the modern decorations of the interior were hideous, and filled with delightful old statues of queer-looking saints and angels. And then there was a great square surrounded by gables and overhanging storeys and enormous roofs, here and there a turret, and, on one side, the townhall, with unusually fine ironwork over the windows. Though we wandered up and down many streets, we did not come to one new house, and of the old houses no two were alike.

Between Frankenberg and Wildungen we had our one unpleasant experience of the day. It was in the inn of the little village of Geislar, where we would not have stopped but for the rain—as usual. When we arrived three men in blouses were in possession: one short and fat and red, another tall and thin, with a curious far-away likeness to the historian of Morals and Rationalism, and the third with no positive character whatever. Their fatherly interest in our bacon, beer, and bread we at first attributed to the fact that they had brothers or sisters or half their family connections in the United States. This was nothing uncommon—all Germany has sisters and brothers in America. Indeed, after four days in the country, I was quite sure that if we were to meet the Emperor he would begin the conversation by telling us of his aunt or uncle or cousin—oh, no! I forgot; it is of Mr. Poutney Bigelow he would tell us. It did not take long to discover that the friendliness of the men of Geislar was in a large measure due to Schnapps, which they were eager for us to drink with them and out of the same glass. They became quite unbearable as they got drunk, and their leers warned us that their jokes would not have met the approval of Mr. McBozall. It was in this humble inn of the people that we were cheated for the first and only time in Germany. The fat man presided when we paid our bill, so that it is likely he shared the profits; and we had not left the village a kilometre behind when J— discovered that his map was gone. He rode back for it, however, though it was only after he had sworn with much earnestness in French that the tall man, who was still drinking, reluctantly drew it from his pocket. I wonder if Zola's picture of the people is so over-coloured after all. It is easy in the quiet of Hammer-smith or Shepherd's Bush to idealise the Sons of Labour, but put Mr. Morris or Mr. Crane into the midst of his heroes at their innocent revels, and what then?

There was no sign of the proletariat in the new part of Wildungen, as genteel as the guests who come to it for the waters. A beautiful wood, with the road gently descending for the pleasure of cyclists, leads to its villas and hotels, into which, in our shabbiness, we were refused admission. But we fared well enough in a modest restaurant, where men in blouses sat at the red-cloth covered tables on one side of the leafy porch, and leading citizens in black coats on the other; and as we left the town we found there is an old Wildungen, with pretty old houses, and lamps strung across the street, as in so many Swiss villages. I think that we ought to be grateful to the landlords of the Wildungen hotels for not taking us in, or else we would not have spent the night at Fritzlar, or have cycled across the plain between the two hills in the late afternoon, the perfect hour for riding, racing the train and beating it, to the interest of stokers, guards, and passengers. It was funny to see how the few travellers in the first-class carriages leaned back, but made no pretence of not looking, how the far greater number in the second stood at the windows, while in the third crowds hung out and shouted. At one station the guard invited us to get in, but J— politely offered him a lift on his bicycle. But after the next the train took a short cut across country, which was not fair, and ran right away from us.

In all our travels in Germany we came to nothing prettier than Fritzlar as we saw it on its hillside, with walls and towers and spires rising against the evening sky. Nor did it

disappoint us after we had climbed the hill into the town itself. Even the plague of children with which we were afflicted—as, indeed, we were in every village and city—could not destroy its charm. It is a little mediæval town, as perfect in its way as Rocamadour, in France, or Assisi, in Italy; though the tourist, who would not miss his Nuremberg, probably has never heard its name. There is hardly a house that is not a model of what domestic architecture ought to be; the women still draw water at a fountain old as the houses which line the four sides of the market-square; and roses, with a luxuriance which I always supposed to be essentially English but which I now know to be quite as German, grow close to the old town walls and turrets. There is a cathedral worthy of the town, with its striking mixture of Romanesque and Gothic, its three terraces of altars, its rare ironwork and many banners, and its cloisters, which the brand-new painting in the worst modern German taste cannot make quite ugly. And the treasures—the gold and silver plate, the jewel-encrusted crosses, the old embroideries and missals—which the sacristan showed us in a little airy chamber projecting from the side of the choir, would make a very respectable nucleus for a new South Kensington. Not the least attraction of Fritzlar is that it provides as successfully for one's creature comforts as for one's æsthetic entertainment. With such an excellent hotel to stay in, the wonder would be that all Wildungen does not migrate to Fritzlar, were it not that the average drinker of waters has something more important to think of than quiet beauty. Our landlord had no relations in America, but he had been there himself; he had cooked in many a New York hotel; and he was unaffectedly glad to see us. It is a curious comment on our civilisation that all the American he remembered was "O Jesus Christ!" But of this he made the most,



FRITZLAR.

beginning and ending every German sentence with it—out of compliment to us, I suppose.

If Fritzlar showed us what the German ideal of architecture once was, the next morning in Cassel we had a good specimen of what it is to-day. The only incident of our ride there was the taking off and putting on of our macintoshes, for the rain kept up with cheerful intermittency. I remember little else, except that we passed through long, characterless villages, one with a ruin on a hilltop, another decked out in greenery for a coming feast, and that somewhere in the distance was Wilhelmshöhe, which we vaguely felt we ought to visit for history's sake, but to which we did not go.

The well laid-out streets and squares of Cassel, the showy and pretentious buildings, the trams; the modern improvements, would fill the soul of the lover of nineteenth-century progress with joy. It is to this pattern that all Europe is being gradually reduced; perhaps we might not complain if occasionally we did not come to a little Fritzlar to remind us of the world's loss. Our friend the cook of New York was waiting for us at the hotel, where, in his company, we ate a breakfast which was by far the best thing Cassel had to offer. I say this, even though we dutifully went to its picture gallery and braved the staring of the whole town. I never could get used to the absurdity of men in hats and coats which in Broadway or Regent Street would be gazed by every small boy, or of nurses with their skirts up to their knees showing the ribbon bow that fastened their stockings, staring us out of countenance simply because J— had on knee-breeches and my dress was a trifle shorter than the ordinary length—Mrs. Hancock would have thought it too long for London streets. Though the walls of the gallery were well covered, we might have spared ourselves the visit but for a charming little Gainsborough landscape which found its way there, who knows how? So rare is it to see good English work in Continental galleries.

As we walked from the town we had glimpses of one or two narrow old streets, but we were too eager to be out of a place which had in no way appealed to us to stop for a second look. Matters, however, grew worse when we left the streets. There was such a hill to climb! and the three o'clock sun was so hot. J— found compensation in looking down through the long glades in the hilly woodland to the valley and Cassel far below, but for me even the loveliness of the outlook could not make up for the misery of that endless climb. And then, as always happens in cycling, just as I wanted to throw my a line away and never see it again, the perfect hour came, and my misery was forgotten. One of the happiest memories



MÜNDE.

of our journey will always be of the long ride down through the cool wood to Münden, as we first saw it—a group of red roofs in among trees, with the river flowing quietly past.

Why was it that, while in Wildungen we had been turned away, in the big hotel of Münden we were received with rapture? The entire household turned out to greet us, a palatial room on the first floor was given us, and it took just four men and one chambermaid to carry up our two knapsacks, two macintoshes, and one Rendell and Underwood bag. To see the very well waiter solemnly leading the procession with a macintosh held out at arm's length to keep the mud off his by no means spotless broadcloth was as good as a Palais Royal farce. He probably had been in England, and had the proper respect for sport.

Münden, we learned in the early morning, is another of the pretty old towns in which this part of the country abounds. It also has an old cathedral, houses with gables and overhanging storeys, a castle on the river bank, and an inexhaustible supply of wrinkles for the architect.

## THE JOURNALIST IN STORY-BOOKS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It is pretty to read in "Pendennis" of George Warrington, Captain Shandon, Jack Finucane, and other gentlemen of the Press, but even then we have but faint, uncertain glimpses of an under-world which has never been well described to this day. Thackeray knew it, of course; but there was a vast deal in it which he despised with a certain hate and a certain fear which, in combination, formed in him a very lively and rather worrying sentiment. The journalism of the time when he took part in it was not entirely *comme il faut*. Gentlemen did engage in newspaper writing when Thackeray was a young man, but not very many, and none, it was supposed, without compulsion and some sacrifice of finer feeling; while as for the rest, they offered no subject for the chastening satirist unless he were prepared to pass through life like one who journeys in the Yahoo country in fly-time. Under this persuasion, a tormentingly inviting theme for the muse of Titmarsh was allowed to repose at the bottom of his inkpot. True, Bludyer was fished up, but not as a contemporary specimen; it was explained that he belonged to an anterior period, a "monster of the ooze." Yet I knew a Bludyer many years after "Pendennis" was written, and well remember my last glimpse of him. Handsome, well read, well bred, witty, shabby, broken, irretrievable, he was shuffling down the Strand in a pair of slippers—(and what a wretched drizzly morning it was!)—to sell a little parcel of books which had been in my own rooms the evening before, and which his needs allowed him no time to read and review.

Since "Pendennis," many novel-writers have gone to journalism for scenes and characters—seeking what most of them have certainly found: the new and unfamiliar. Even within the last ten years a score of newspaper heroes have flourished in about the same number of stories, and we who stretch our legs at the Savage Club or the Savile have been puzzled at most and pleased with few. What we find is a deal too much of ideality in the novelists' descriptions; and there is a *je ne sais quoi* of awkwardness in the fact that, while this ideality is not of a character that shines with much sublimity in paper and print, it is the sort of thing that many of us do cultivate as the poetry of our trade. The sweet, wild freedom of the garret, with its view over Temple Gardens or Gray's Inn tiles; the bounding foot of the bright, fearless, immensely good little actress on the stair thereto; the valiant tubbing; the magnificent scorn of collars; the Homeric quaffing from the dear simple old pewter; the robust badinage; the delicate confidences; the tremendous friendships, so brutally expressed and yet so tender and so true—all this is the British counterpart of the *vie de Bohème*, in which the delightfulest of literary men have ever lived apart. Therefore, we would not disavow it. Rather would we cast its atmosphere about us, and live in our clubs and with each other as if trailing clouds of glory do we come from that free, wild, and radiant home. And a good thing too. Somewhat of an affectation, if you like. Every society, every coterie has its own peculiar affectation; and some affectations are more wholesome than others; and this one of ours is not the least wholesome. There is a largeness in it—a good-fellowship like unto that of boyhood; and it does something to maintain the joyousness which, they say, is lying down to die in every corner of once Merry England. But when the garret, and the pewter, and the little actress, and the tremendous repartee, and the beard that flows, and the "mane" that's "tossed," and the friend whose lava-tears hang on your borrowed waistcoat—when these things get into English print, we feel with uneasiness that they lack illusion somehow. They do not go with the charm they have in French, or even in the phantasmagoric theatre of our own memory or our own imaginations. The romance reads out of them; the canvas comes through the paint; and, being all afflicted with the British temperament, we suspect a kind of imposture when we should immerse ourselves in glamour.

Not improbably the General Reader himself, though entirely ignorant of the matter, suspects unreality when he comes upon what novelists usually write about the inner life of journalism. Journalists know the suspicion just. In no sense is their profession "all beer and skittles." Painfully fanciful is the newspaper hero's leap to luxury and power, under favour of some tremendous editor, himself as reclusive as the Grand Lama of Tibet. Wretchedly and sordidly caricatured is the other account of him, though there is truth in the jovial, communal impecuniosity and unconventionality of the novelist's pictures—truth as to a certain neglect of prettiness and as to jolly nights of roaring talk amid tobacco clouds and the tinkling of silver in crystal. Not that there is any Bohemia in London now, I fancy—none such as I remember in the days when Warrington's friend Titmarsh was still at work, and when on one occasion I chanced to see him steal into a Fleet Street tavern, go as quietly as if it were Johnson's ghost to the old-fashioned box wherein the Doctor is said to have dined and talked many an afternoon, and sit there musing on Pizzis and Bozzys and things over a little black bottle of port (A penny for his thoughts in that deep spell of rumination would have been a good bargain, I weened.) Bohemia, in which this tavern then stood, was a fair land if a strange, and no such Alsatia as was imagined by the inhabitants of the neighbouring country of Clapham. Besides, it was no land of

sojourn. They who were drawn thither made the tour, came forth, threw off the loose cap of travel, and donned the smooth and shining tile of civilisation and order. Young men who afterwards became palaced artists, or high spectacled scribes and scholars, or grave judges and counsellors of the Queen, resorted thither a while, to spend half the night in—what? Nothing worse than a jovial clamour of wit and clash of word—a laughing jail-delivery of thought and spirit and

of the old time lingers for novel-writers to take up and make the worst of, which seems to be their best. Literary persons themselves, in no department of human affairs do they make such failures as when they depict the denizens of literature and journalism and the life that goes on in those regions. The failure is to be seen even in Thackeray, who, to be sure, did not venture far; and I have never yet read a story affecting to let light upon as distinct an order of men as

most without wondering at the amateurishly exaggerated, hearsay character of the performance. But perhaps it is not so distinct an order of men as it used to be—as it was in Captain Shandon's day. Journalism no longer absorbs and remoulds men, as the theatre does, and even painting. It is a more occasional business, and of late years has come to include a great variety of classes. Moreover, the routine of journalism—all that can be cast into a scene—is really so humdrum (deeply interesting and instructive as the business is to every man who sits in the sanctum—which is a whispering-gallery-of-a great newspaper) that the novel-writer must needs invent a strangeness and romance in describing it—which is what he generally does.



## THE WESTMINSTER GUILDHALL.

The City of Westminster, in ancient times, had its Guildhall on the west side of King Street; that building was superseded, early in the century, by the Guildhall, or Sessions House, erected for the meetings of magistrates and other business, in the place called Broad Sanctuary, beyond the west front of the Abbey. It is an octagonal building, erected in 1804 or 1805, from the designs of Mr. S. P. Cockerell, father of Professor Cockerell, R.A., with a heavy portico supported by Doric columns. Our illustrations of the exterior and of a portion of the court-room present features which must have been familiar to the eyes of many Londoners of the past two generations. This edifice is now being demolished by order of the Middlesex County Council, and a new one, with much additional accommodation, will be erected on its site. Mr. F. H. Pownall, county surveyor, is the architect of the new building.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Few more remarkable sermons have been preached in Cambridge, even by Professor Mayor, than that delivered by him in the University pulpit the other Sunday, on Spain and the Spanish Bible. It was largely a very outspoken vindication of Lord Plunket's conduct, full of the preacher's curious learning and strong individuality. Here are some of the Professor's *shiter diata*—

"The high-flying stiffness of our divines in mode gives just offence to Nonconformists at home and abroad, and to those within our own pale who revere our gentle Mother above all things for her light burden and the winning modesty of her claims."

"We in England have no ear for living words of the dead; they are drowned in babble of the hour, stillborn words of the living. Our democracy has dethroned the monarchs of letters, human and divine. Budding Chrysostoms cross themselves at the names of Jewel or Barrow; and a honry Aristarchus may ask in all simplicity, 'And pray who was Thomas Gataker?'"

The conclusion is: "Under the pelting of wintry blasts of detraction, Lord Plunket was shown two letters couched in quiet, well-weighed words. A sudden flash, a serene glow, never by the eyewitness, my informant, to be forgotten, lit up his features. 'I thank them much for their kindness. In the world tribulation; in Me peace.'"

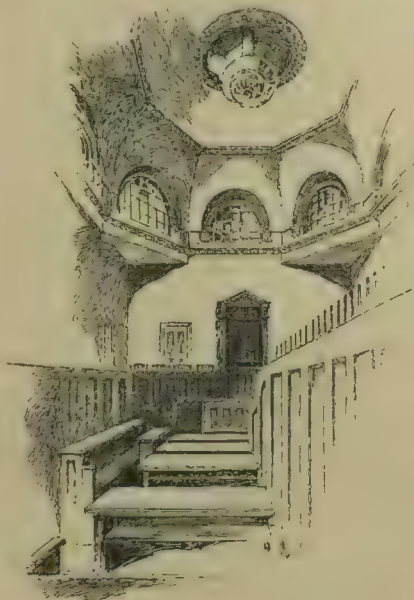
The meetings of the Congregational Union have been the occasion of an animated and most interesting controversy on pulpit plagiarism. A candidate for the secretaryship favoured by the Union, the Rev. W. T. Woods, B.A., was accused of appropriating the substance of a sermon by Dr. Dykes. This charge was apparently made good, as he himself partly admitted; but he was enthusiastically appointed. This shows the great lenity, to say the least, with which pulpit plagiarism is regarded among that section of Nonconformists. Once it was otherwise. A man was practically ruined on its being discovered that he was a sermon-transferrer; now it is evidently considered a circumstance to his honour rather than otherwise. The Church standard of morality on this question has been rising, and there is now very little pulpit plagiarism.

Laymen, I imagine, do not object to but rather welcome resort on the part of their spiritual guides to the sermons of eminent preachers, and would attend church more frequently if they knew they would hear the words of Newman or Church or Liddon. But they think the borrowing should be acknowledged. There is something peculiarly sickening in the fervent piety of a stolen sermon.

The High Churchmen are protesting against the precedence claimed by Archbishop Vaughan. Much, it is explained, was conceded to Cardinal Manning on account of his personal status, but it will not be allowed to become a permanent privilege. Archbishop Vaughan's name is placed above that of Bishop Boyd Carpenter in the list of the promoters of the Duke of Clarence Memorial, but the Ritualist joins hands with the Evangelical in saying that "an English Bishop should refuse to play second to any foreign intruder."

Great scandal has been caused in Boston, Mass., by President Elliott, of Harvard University, addressing an assembly of Mormons, and comparing his hearers to the Pilgrim Fathers; also for speaking of Mormonism as a Christian church. Certainly the utterance came from a most exalted mood of charity.

The question of opening the public libraries, museums, and art-galleries on Sundays was brought before the Upper House of Convocation, on May 14, by the Bishop of Rochester, who presented a petition from the "Sunday Society" in favour of this concession to popular needs, and spoke very deliberately in support of the measure. The matter was referred to a joint committee of the two Houses.



INTERIOR OF THE GUILDHALL, WESTMINSTER.

the pipes, the punch, the borrowed guinea, the shirt-sleevery of the thing, so to speak—while all the rest he is incapable of describing; which, however, is no wonder. Bohemia is now where Atlantis is. They who once peopled the vanished land are distributed in sets, who meet more meekly in each other's lodgings or at a populous and orderly club; and though they are rather less gregarious, rather less convivial, much less poor without being less helpful, enough



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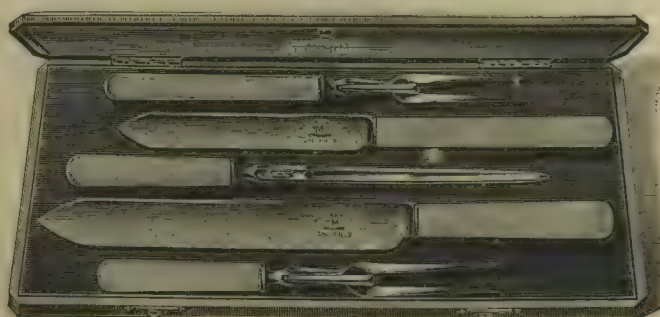
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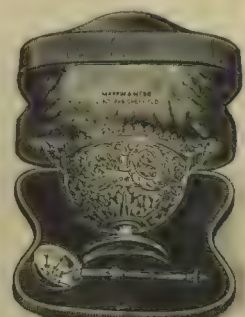
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 17, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1889), of Dame Marianna Augusta Hamilton, late of 6, Portman Square, who died on March 16, was proved on May 5 by Henry Allen Bathurst, Colonel Sheffield Hamilton Grace, the nephew, and the Hon. Robert Charles Devereux, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testatrix gives Llambed Farm, Mathry, Pembrokeshire, to her godson, James Hamilton Langdale York; and settles her freehold and leasehold property in Duckfoot Lane and Lawrence Pountney Lane upon her nephew, Hamilton Noel Harte. She also settles the residue of her real estate including her property in Great St. Helens, subject to several annuities which she charges thereon, on her cousin, Mrs. Georgina York; and certain plate and jewellery are settled to go therewith. Some diamond and other jewellery and the Devereux miniature are reserved to Robert Devereux, Viscount Hereford. Many interesting articles are specifically bequeathed, including a pair of shoes of Queen Elizabeth's. She bequeaths twenty family portraits of the Cockburn, Lytton, and Ayscough families to her trustees for such of the national picture galleries as they may select; £1000, upon trust, to make some annual payments to the National Schools of the parishes of Fishguard, Lletsterton, and Mathry, Pembrokeshire, and the National and Sunday schools of Llanstephan, Carnarvonshire, the remainder of the income to be applied in the purchase of Bibles to be given to the incumbents of the said parishes; and very many legacies and annuities to relatives and others. The residue of her personal estate she gives to Mrs. Georgina York.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1889), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5 and 21, 1891), of Mr. Robert Stayner Holford, late of Duchester House, Park Lane, and Western Birt House, Gloucestershire, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on May 7 by Captain George Lindsay Holford, the son, and the Earl of Morley, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £472,000. The testator gives £5000, £1000 per annum for life, a house in South Street, Park Lane, six pictures from his collection, and any other pictures or articles he may select to the value of £2000, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Holford, in addition to her jointure of £3500 per annum, and in the event of his son dying without male issue, a further £1000 per annum; all his real estate in the Isle of Sheppy and in the Isle of Wight to his son George Lindsay Holford; £500 each to his daughters the Countess of Morley, Mrs. Evelyn Benson, and Mrs. Alice Grey; and many other legacies. He leaves one whole Adventurer's share in the New River Company, the estates in the counties of Gloucester and Wilts purchased or acquired by him since the date of his marriage settlement, Dorchester House and its appurtenances, the property comprised in his marriage settlements, all his manors and advowsons, messuages, lands, tenements and hereditaments all his copyhold and leasehold property except in the Isle of Sheppy, and £50,000, upon trust, for his said son for life, with remainder to his first and every son according to their respective seniorities in tail male, but his son is to elect within two years whether he will take under or against the will. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his son.

The will (dated June 2, 1890) of Mr. Oliver Heywood, D.L., J.P., late of Claremont, Pendleton, Lancashire, who died on March 17, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on April 29 by Sir Thomas Percival Heywood, Bart., and Edward Stanley Heywood, the brothers, and Arthur Percival Heywood, the nephew, the executors, the value of the

personal estate amounting to over £326,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the Children's Hospital, Pendlebury; £3000 to the Salford Royal Hospital; £2000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £1000 each to Ardwick and Ancoats Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester; £500 each to the Manchester Deaf and Dumb School, the Manchester District Provident Society, the Northern Counties Hospital for Incurables, the Ladies' Jubilee Charity School, the Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes, Manchester, and the Manchester and Salford Sick Poor Nursing Institution; £5000 to the Board of Finance of the Diocese of Manchester, but the same is not to be expended in the educational or other buildings; £25,000 and his furniture and effects to his brother Sir Thomas Percival Heywood; £100,000, upon trust, for his last-named brother, for life, and then for his nephew Arthur Percival Heywood; £25,000 each to his said nephew and his brothers, Edward Stanley Heywood and the Rev. Henry Robinson Heywood; and legacies to other of his relatives and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his brothers Thomas Percival and Edward Stanley and his nephew Arthur Percival, as tenants in common; and all his real estate to his brother Thomas Percival.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Sept. 11, 1890), with two codicils (dated Sept. 24, 1891, and Jan. 23, 1892), of Mr. John Burke, late of Woodlands, Llewellyn Park, Orange, New Jersey, United States, who died on Feb. 4, granted to Frederick Sutton, Charles James Edward Sutton, and John Burke, the son, the executors for the United Kingdom, was sealed in London on May 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £173,000. The testator leaves his property, Woodlands, with the furniture and effects (except family portraits), two policies on his life for 30,000 dollars, and £60,000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth West Burke; £55,000 and the family portraits to his son John Burke; £55,000 to his son Edward Frederick Burke; £40,000 to his daughter Mrs. Anita Louisa Moor; £25,000 each to his daughters Mabel and Edith Lee; and many liberal legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife and said children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1889) of Mr. Francis Henry Riddell, J.P., late of Thornburgh, Leyburn, Yorkshire, and Cheesbourn Grange, Northumberland, who died on Jan. 30, at 5, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Ellen Riddell, the widow, and Edward Francis Riddell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator leaves £500 and an annuity of £600 to his wife; his Yorkshire and Westmoreland estates to his wife, for life; £10,000 to his daughter Mabel; £10,000, and a further sum of £6000 on the death of his wife, to his son Frederick William; £10,000 to his son Oswald; and he recites that he has, under the marriage settlement of his daughter Bertha, covenanted to pay to the trustees £10,000; all his houses, lands, tenements, and hereditaments at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and South Shields, and his messuages in the county of Durham, to his son Edward Francis; and there are specific bequests of wine, jewellery, plate, furniture, and effects to his wife and children. The residue of his real and personal estate he settles upon his son who first attains twenty-three, for life, with remainder to his male issue.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1889), with two codicils (dated May 29, 1890, and March 26, 1891), of Mr. Arthur Richard Gabell, late of Anlaby, Cheltenham, who died on March 31, was proved on April 29 by the Rev. Arthur Charles Gabell,

the son, George Carwardine Francis, and Major-General John Macdonald, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £71,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his son Henry Claydon Gabell; his household furniture and effects to his daughters, Miss Mary Elizabeth Gabell, Mrs. Catherine Sarah Macdonald, and Miss Emma Lucy Clunes; £300 to each of his executors; and legacies to butler, coachman, footman, and nurse. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son the Rev. Arthur Charles Gabell; and his said three daughters, share and share alike; and, under a settlement, he appoints part of the property to his son Arthur Charles, and the remainder to his three daughters.

The will and twelve codicils of Mr. Robert Edmund Morrice, late of Lemonwell, Eltham, Kent, who died on March 13, were proved on April 25 by Alexander Devas Druce, Louis Stuckenschmidt, and Alfred Waldron Smithers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths £30,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Jane Therese Smithers and her children; £300 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of Poor Clergy, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, and the Evangelical Society; and very numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as his daughter shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1889) of Don Juan Nepomuceno de Retes y Tepez, late of 3, Calle de San José, Cadiz, who died on Nov. 18, was proved in London on April 28 by Don José García Denlofen and Don José García Ramos, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £54,000. As to the one third of his property which he has power by law to dispose of, he bequeaths thereout legacies for masses to the Archbishop of Burgos, to the poor of the city of Mexico, and to the support of two girls in the same city, and to relatives; and the remainder thereof to the city of Cadiz for the establishment of public instruction where the education is Catholic and gratuitous. He appoints as heirress of two thirds of his estate his daughter, Doña Christina de Retes y Heras.

The will (dated June 9, 1890) of Miss Anna Mary Creadson formerly of Alderley Edge, and late of Norcliffe Hall, Handforth, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 23, at Cannes, was proved on April 20 by Alfred Creadson and Theodore Creadson, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to brothers, nephews, nieces, a cousin, and an aunt. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one moiety equally between the children of her brother Alfred, and the other moiety equally between the children of her brother Theodore.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1889) of Captain Charles William Andrew, R.N., late of Midland, West End, South Stoneham, Hants, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on April 14 by Mrs. Amy Andrew, the widow, and George Deedes Warry, Q.C., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his son Charles Frederick; and legacies to nephews, executor, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his said son, for life, and then for his children.

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OBITUARY.

LORD CASTLEMAINE.



The Right Hon. Richard Handcock, fourth Baron Castlemaine, of Moydrum Castle, in the county of Westmeath, a representative peer for Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Westmeath, died on April 26, at his seat, near Athlone. His lordship was born July 26, 1826, the eldest son of

SIR GEORGE NUGENT, BART.



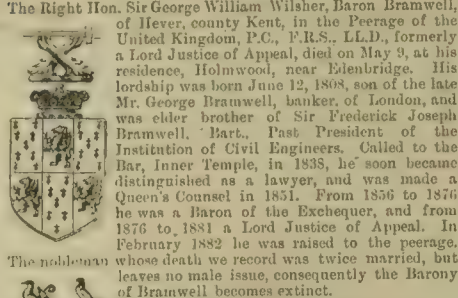
Sir George Edmund Nugent, second baronet, of Waddesdon, Berkshire, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, died on May 3, at his town residence, 32, Curzon Street, W. He was born Oct. 12, 1802, the elder son of Field Marshal Sir George Nugent, G.C.B., Colonel of the 6th Regiment and Governor of St. Mawes, who, for his distinguished military services, was created a baronet in November 1806. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and graduated B.A. in 1823. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a justice of the peace for Bucks, and was sometime lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards. The baronet whose death we record married, July 13, 1830, the Honourable Maria Charlotte Ridley-Colborne, second daughter and coheir of Nicholas, Baron Colborne, which lady died in August 1883, leaving, with three daughters, an only son, now Sir Edmund Charles Nugent, third baronet, who was born in 1839, married, in 1863, the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Gascoigne, and has three sons and two daughters.

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS MORLEY.

Colonel Sir Francis Brockman Morley, K.C.B., Exon, Yeoman of the Guard, died on April 20, at his residence, in Norland Place, W. He was son of the late Mr. George Morley, barrister-at-law, by his wife, Frances, daughter of Mr. John Spencer Culpeper, of Tenterden, Kent, and was born in 1819. Entering the Army in 1839, he served with distinction in the 90th and 40th Regiments. In 1869 he was appointed Exon, Yeoman of the Guard, and in 1878 Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions. He was honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, a Deputy Lieutenant and magistrate for the latter

county, and a magistrate for the Colony of Victoria. He received the decoration of K.C.B. in 1886.

LORD BRAMWELL.



The Right Hon. Sir George William Wilsner, Baron Bramwell, of Hever, county Kent, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, P.C., F.R.S., LL.D., formerly a Lord Justice of Appeal, died on May 9, at his residence, Holmwood, near Elenbridge. His lordship was born June 12, 1808, son of the late Mr. George Bramwell, banker, of London, and was elder brother of Sir Frederick Joseph Bramwell, Bart., Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1835, he soon became distinguished as a lawyer, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1851. From 1856 to 1876 he was a Baron of the Exchequer, and from 1876 to 1881 a Lord Justice of Appeal. In February 1882 he was raised to the peerage. Those death we record was twice married, but leaves no male issue, consequently the Barony of Bramwell becomes extinct.

SIR ALEXANDER FULLER-ACLAND-HOOD.

Sir Alexander B. P. Fuller-Acland-Hood died at St. Audries, his seat near Bridgwater. He was High Sheriff of Somerset in 1853, and represented the western portion of the county in Parliament from 1859 to 1868. He was also heir-presumptive to the baronetcy of Scott of Hartington. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Alexander Acland-Hood.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. George Jones Barker, of Albrighton Hall, Salop, on April 27, in London, aged sixty-six. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire, and a magistrate for Salop.

Susan, Lady Smith, on April 30, at Caldwell, near Tenbury, aged seventy-two. She was the fourth daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William George Parker, second baronet, of Shenstone, and married, May 5, 1843, Sir William Smith, third baronet, of Eardiston, by whom she leaves issue.

Colonel Charles Lousada Thesiger Barrow, D.S.O., of the Cameronians, recently at Brindisi, aged forty. He served with distinction in Afghanistan, 1879-80; in Egyptian Expedition, 1882; with the Mounted Infantry in the Sudan Expedition, 1884-5, and was present at the action of Ginnis and at Snakin, 1888-9. He was several times mentioned in despatches, had two medals with clasps, and received the decoration of D.S.O. in 1886.

Major J. W. Thurston, of the 14th Prince of Wales's Own (West York Regiment), on May 5, at Aberdovey, Merioneth, from dysentery, contracted while adjutant of the Upper Burma Rifle Volunteers. The deceased officer was the second son of the late C. F. Thurston, Esq., of Talgarth, Merioneth. He was born on Feb. 9, 1858, entered the Army in 1875, served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, for which he received a medal; was present at the actions of Deh Sarak (when he was mentioned in despatches), Banda, Knudde, and Roghani. Major Thurston married, in 1882, Ethel Madeline Trelawney, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Wickham, late of the 33rd Regiment.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Cookery, that all-important art of peace and of hygiene, has just had an exhibition to itself. The exhibition was opened by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. A considerable number of the exhibits were purely trading ones, but some of these were amusing. There was ice-cream, for instance, made up in exact simulation of ripe peaches, and served as though growing on a tree, which is passed round the table in a little pot, so that each guest gathers his own ice. Here also appeared various useful and generally cheap inventions in culinary utensils. One was an asparagus-boiler. If the stalk and the head of asparagus be both subjected to equal boiling, the point is "done to rags" before the stalk is affected; therefore, this prince of vegetables should be always steamed only, as far as regards its tip. The boiler was simply a case of tin, to fit into a deep tin saucepan, and having divisions that keep the vegetable standing upright. Another useful trifle was a mayonnaise funnel, having a hook to fix on the edge of a basin and an outlet so tiny that the oil escaped drop by drop, as it ought to be added to the vinegar, with quick and continuous beating, to secure the proper making of some sauces.

This matter of kitchen tools is one worthy of some notice from housekeepers. The most accomplished cook cannot work as well without tools as with them; though in nothing are the readiness of resource, which is almost genius, and the real skill which can overcome obstacles, more abundantly displayed than in the capacity to manage with few appliances. There is a story of a naval surgeon of the old days who had gone into the Navy without a degree, and gained his knowledge there by practical experience as a surgeon's mate. When he at length went up for the College of Surgeons' examination, the "kid-glove" landsman who had to examine him inquired, "How would you take off a leg?" The examinee asked in his turn, "Do you mean with or without instruments?" The examiner grew purple, and opined that the candidate was impertinent; but the experienced old hand explained that he was serious—he had often in action operated successfully with a pocket-knife and a carpenter's saw! So the experienced cook will turn you out a dinner with very few utensils, but she will do better if proper appliances are at hand to save time and trouble. Some mistresses begrudge any expense for mechanical aids to the culinary art, but it is a mistake. A wire sieve, a frying-basket, a pestle and mortar, and a marble pastry-slab, for instance, should be in every kitchen.

The show of ornamental or artistic cookery was interesting and instructive. The decorative jellies (sweet and savoury), the galantines, the chaud-froids of cutlets, quails, and fish, the dressed salmon smothered in jelly, worked out with patterns in truffles, the farces, the sauces, the spun sugar work, and the *petits fours*, must have consumed far more time in constructing than the average cook can give to her work; yet the pains taken by culinary masters in this direction might well lead plain cooks to remember how much importance properly attaches to appearance in eating. Taste is, after all, not a very powerful sensation. Hold your nose to avoid smelling, and you will find that you can scarcely taste even nauseous medicines; or put on the tongue several strong flavours in rapid succession, and you discover that the power of distinguishing between them is soon exhausted and bewildered. To make a dish attractive to the eye is half the battle, and this is a matter the middle-class cooks are apt to forget to give

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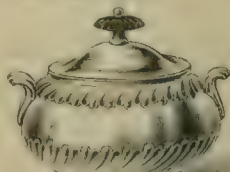
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# CHILDREN REARED ON MELLIN'S FOOD.



"Taubenstrasse, 51, 53, Berlin, Sept. 1, 1891.

"My dear Mr. Mellin.—Allow me to enclose a photo of my youngest son, Konrad Gilowy, born on Aug. 17, 1891. He has been brought up on your excellent children's Food from his fourth month; and the Food has agreed so thoroughly with this little citizen of the world that I intend to recommend it far and wide. Perhaps you may like to include the little man in the children's gallery in your new catalogue.—I am, &c., &c.,  
"A. GILOWY."



"Doris Place, Woodbridge, Nov. 6, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose you a photo of my little boy, brought up on your Food. He was sixteen months old when the photo was taken, and has been fed on your Food and milk from three months. You will see by the condition of the child, it will speak well of its excellence.  
"I am now using it for my second, and she is doing equally well as the other.—Yours faithfully,  
"EDITH CLEVELAND,"



"Pydeltrenthide, near Dorchester, Feb. 8, 1892.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose photo of our little girl, Lilian, taken when seven months old, weight 16½ lb., fed on your Food from the time she was five months old; previous to this she was fed on another Food, but made very little progress, weighing only 11½ lb. After having been fed on your Food for three weeks she had gained 2½ lb., and now, at just a year old, her weight is 25 lb., making a gain of 14 lb. since the photo was taken, although she has suffered a great deal with teething. Her limbs are very strong and she stands well, is now beginning to walk; everyone, when told her age, exclaims, 'What a beautiful child!' and our doctor said she was a good recommendation for the Food. We often wish we had given your Food a trial earlier. We have recommended your Food to several, and when tried it has given satisfaction.—I am, Sir, yours truly,  
"JOSEPH READ,"



"30, Anne Street, Cheatham Hill, Manchester, Oct. 31, 1891.

"Mr. Mellin, Dear Sir,—I enclose a photo of my daughter Dorothy, which was taken when nine months old; she is now ten months; she has been fed on your Food only since she was five weeks old, owing to her mother's weakness; she has never had a day's illness, has cut eight teeth without any apparent pain.  
"There is not another baby in Cheatham or neighbourhood so healthy-looking or so heavy.  
"If you think this is a good advertisement for you, I will send you her weight.—I remain, yours respectfully,  
"SAMUEL NODDIS."



"Dogantum House, Llywelyn Road, Colwyn Bay.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find photo of my little Welsh boy, taken at the age of eight months. He has been brought up entirely on your Food, and is in perfect health and has been.—Yours truly,  
"G. Mellin, Esq., London."  
"HY. C. MORRIS."



"Wilfred Rectory, near Nottingham, Dec. 7, 1891.

"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you a photo of my twin babies, aged one year and one day on the day they were photographed, to prove what MELLIN'S FOOD will do for delicate infants. The finer and bigger of the two was brought up entirely on your Food from six weeks old, when it was so ill as to be given up by the doctor, but from the moment it began MELLIN'S FOOD the improvement was marvellous. The smaller twin was nursed by her mother, and yet the one fed on MELLIN'S FOOD grew to be the finer child of the two.  
"Ever since I knew and proved your Food I have advised and persuaded everyone I could to give your Food a trial. The twins are girls, and were photographed last November, on the 13th.—I remain, yours faithfully,  
"A. CLOUGH."



"55, Bath Row, Birmingham.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose photograph of my little boy, Stanley, aged fourteen months. He has been brought up entirely on your Food, from the age of three months, and has never had any sickness. I may say he is very bright and intelligent. You can make whatever use you like of this letter and photograph.—I remain, faithfully yours,  
"A. JEFFRIES."



"Hollingsland, Oct. 1, 1891.

"Mr. Mellin,—Sir,—Permit me to enclose two photos of my little daughter, Etha, taken at the ages of four and four and a half months respectively. Two weeks after birth, finding her mother's milk insufficient, we tried your Food, with the result that on the first day a visible improvement was evident. She has continued taking the Food exclusively up to date, and now, at the age of nine months, she is a robust and healthy girl, inducing all who require artificial help to use your Food, with the same satisfactory result.  
(Signed) "G. FRIEDRICHS."

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All buyers or books have stories to tell of chance purchases which have turned out to be pearls of great price, but an instance of this kind has been recently exemplified at the British Museum which is worthy of record. In 1867 the keeper of the Printed Book Department bought a number of American pamphlets for a shilling each, among which was a copy of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems." This work, as all bibliophiles know, was written by Poe when he was fourteen years of age, and was published anonymously at Boston in 1827. The fact that the British Museum had become possessed of a copy soon became known among the greedy race of American collectors, more than one of whom, in ignorance of the stern laws which govern the Museum, vainly offered £50 and £100 for the little volume. To the disappointed collectors, however, the opportunity came on April 28 last, when, in the open market at New York, a copy of this literary pearl was offered for sale. The bidding was vigorous, and at its close the book was knocked down to an enthusiastic collector for \$1850, or about £385.



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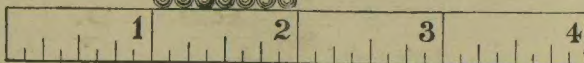
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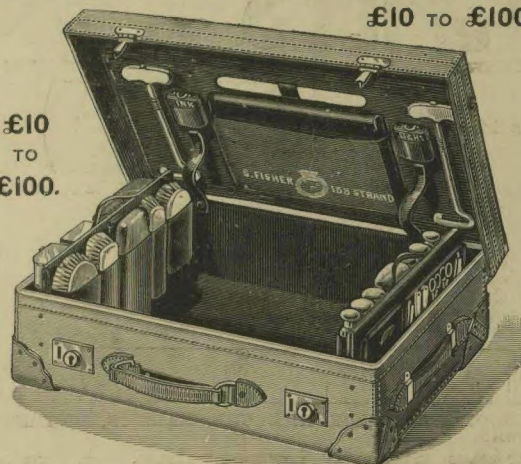
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